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## THE LAST YEAR.

TENDER lights on sky and sea ;  
Milkwhite blossoms on the tree ;  
Lull of storms and tempest bleak ;  
Faint bloom on a wan young cheek.

"Spring, the blessed Spring, is nigh !"  
Said my darling hopefully.

Violets' breath and primrose rays ;  
Sunshine threading leafy ways ;  
Gentle steps, that, weak and slow,  
Through the woodland pathways go.

"It were sad in Spring to die,"  
Said my darling wistfully.

Glorious Summer, crowned with flowers ;  
Dreamy days of golden hours ;  
Sunset-crimsoned hills afar ;  
Dewy eve, and silver star.

"Strength may come with by-and-by,"  
Said my darling patiently.

Glowing fruits and ripening grain ;  
Languid days and nights of pain ;  
Fields so golden, earth so glad,  
And a young life doomed ! "'Tis sad  
Through the bright days here to lie,"  
Said my darling wearily.

Sighing winds and falling leaves ;  
Yearning love, that vainly grieves ;  
Patient eyes, with farewell gaze,  
Greeting the wan autumn days.

"Happy world, fair world, good-bye,"  
Said my darling tenderly.

Wailing storms and weeping skies ;  
Soft wings spread for Paradise ;  
Solemn whispering accents thrilled  
With the awe of hope fulfilled.

"Life ! O blissful life on high !"  
Breathed my darling rapturously.

Wreathing snowdrifts, far and wide,  
Mantling o'er the lone hillside.  
Purer than that stainless veil —  
Like a folded lily pale,

While the moaning blast goes by,  
Sleeps my darling peacefully.

Chambers' Journal. C. I. PRINGLE.

## DEATH AND LOVE.

## I.

LOVE willed that Death should occupy the  
house —

Not hostilely — but like a generous foe  
Who, guest perforce, inflicts no needless throe,  
And scorns to jest, and gibe, and hold carouse.

And when the leaves were tender on the  
boughs,  
And white the maytree shone, and thick like  
snow,

Death entered softly where Love bade him go,  
Obedient to the suzerain of his vows.

And unto one whom worldly strife perplexed,  
Whom sickness grieved and care made tremu-  
lous,  
The foeman pitying, brought the boon of  
peace.

"Or e'er these things his soul have greatly  
vexed,"  
(Death spake, benign, compassionating us),  
"The Master hath ordained that they shall  
cease."

## II.

White lilac, sweetest may, exotics white,  
(Gifts of dear hearts) made beautiful the  
gloom,  
And breathed of blessedness to us on whom  
Had fallen regret and longing infinite.

Yet still we weep. Till one arrayed in light,  
Magnifical, more sweet than may in bloom,  
More white than lilies, filled the darkened  
room,  
And, through our tears, beamed glorious on  
our sight.

"My liegeman, Death, I sent to take him  
home,  
For Death is kind, and life laborious,  
The way is difficult, the travail sore.

"Now Death and he are gone, but I am  
come,"

(Love spake, benign, compassionating us),

"And, lo, with you am I forevermore."

Sunday Magazine.

E. R. CHAPMAN.

## TO THE LIBERATOR.

How wilt thou come to tell me I may go ?  
Athwart acacia-bloom ? Across the snow ?  
Wilt come when slip the swallows to their  
eaves ?

Or wilt thy step draw nigh on russet leaves ?

Chilled to the heart, I sigh that aught should  
stay  
The feet I listen for by night, by day :  
Thrilled to the soul, I cry, "This hour, this  
year,  
Must bring thee nearer, and may bring thee  
near !"

Life is not life and love scarce love may be,  
Before from pain and stain by thee made free :  
Whom thou hast healed, with him all things  
are well,  
O mightiest, tenderest angel — Azraël !

Timed by God's dial shall thy shadow fall  
On each incarnate spirit's prison wall —  
Thy long kiss hush all moan — thy strong  
hand press

Back the last bar that holdeth in durèss.

Temple Bar.

From The Quarterly Review.  
MATTHEW PARIS.\*

SOME of our readers are not likely yet to have forgotten the remarkable essay which the late Professor Brewer contributed to our pages in 1871, and which has since been reprinted in the volume of "English Studies," published shortly after the author's death in 1879. English history owes a larger debt to few men of our time than it owes to Mr. Brewer. As a teacher whose pupils were always eager to listen to all that fell from his lips, and whose enthusiasm never failed to awake a kindred spark in the minds of those who looked to him for light in dark places and guidance along tortuous paths of research, Mr. Brewer has had few equals, and perhaps has left no successor who can compare with him. As a writer he was always brilliant, lucid, and vigorous, and his unrivalled "Introductions" to the Calendars of letters and papers, concerned with the reign of Henry VIII., will long continue to be read by all students of our history, as necessary and indispensable interpreters of the vast storehouses of original documents, which he did so much to rescue from the oblivion or obscurity to which they had previously been consigned. But it was as an organizer of research that Mr. Brewer earned his greatest fame and achieved his greatest success, and it was to him more than to any one man, to his immense persistence in urging upon the powers that be a more generous freedom of access to our records, and to his prodigious powers of work in arranging and tabulating the enormous masses of documents of all kinds which constitute the apparatus of English history, that this country stands indebted, and will remain indebted as long as our literature lasts.

In the essay on "New Sources of English History" the learned author has given us a startling account of the deplor-

able condition into which some of the most precious of our national manuscripts had been allowed to fall — of the utterly chaotic state of our depositories — of the hopelessness, the despair, which must needs have come upon one student after another who might be fortunate enough to be turned loose into the various prison-houses of our muniments — and of the efforts made, and happily at last made with splendid success, to cleanse the Augean stable, and to let the world know something of the wealth it contained. With characteristic modesty Mr. Brewer said nothing of his own part in all that laborious and sagacious organization which resulted in our obtaining the magnificent Calendars, which have opened out to us all "that new world which is the old" that had become almost forgotten or unknown. He was not the man to assert himself, he knew that posterity would give him his due, but with a simple desire to stimulate research, and to show how much remained to be done, and how much to be discovered and made known, he drew the attention of his readers chiefly and primarily to the value of the Calendars, and to the important results which those Calendars had already produced, and were destined to produce hereafter. He had quite enough to say upon this point, and if his life had been spared, it is probable that he would have eventually given us a more comprehensive account of the series of volumes, which, though now issuing from the press *pari passu* with the Calendars, were originally undertaken a little later. Such an essay by such a master would have been indeed an important aid to the student, but at the time of Mr. Brewer's lamented death the day had hardly come for such a *résumé*; and even now, though so much has been achieved, so much and so well, the hour has hardly arrived nor the man for taking a comprehensive survey, and giving to the public an intelligent and intelligible account of that other library of chronicles, and biographies, and letters, and cartularies, and those other memorials of the Middle Ages in England, which it is to be feared are hardly as well known as they ought to be, nor as widely studied as they deserve.

\* *Matthæi Parisiensis, Monachi Sancti Albani, Chronica Majora*. Edited by Henry Richards Luard, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Registry of the University, and Vicar of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 7 vols. 8vo. London, Vol. I. 1872 — Vol. VII. 1883.

Meanwhile it is high time that attention should be drawn to that noble series of volumes now issuing from the press under the editorship of scholars whose reputation is assured, and whose work continues to enhance their reputation — high time that we should begin to do something like justice to the laborers, who have deserved so well at the hands of such Englishmen as have any sentiment of loyalty to the great thoughts, the great doings, and the noble lives of their forefathers. The philosopher, who "holds the mirror up to nature," has not of late, as a rule, missed his reward. The historian, who in his dogged, patient, toilsome fashion holds the mirror up to the life of bygone ages, has received among us scant recognition, and generally is rewarded with but barren honor. What has been done and still is doing will be best understood by briefly reviewing the progress of that movement, which has brought about the great revival of English historical study, and under the influence of which the opinions and convictions of educated men have passed through a very decided change, one destined to produce still greater and more unlooked for changes of sentiment and belief before the present century shall have closed.

It is just fifty years since "the father of record reform," as he has been justly called, received his patent creating him master of the rolls. Although as far back as the year 1800 a commission was issued for the methodizing and digesting the national records, and for printing such calendars and indexes as should be thought advisable; and though during the next twenty-seven years many works of supreme interest and importance were printed at the public expense, the enormous extent of our national records was known to few and the difficulty of consulting them (dispersed as they were through a score of different depositories) was enough to deter all but the most resolute enquirers. It was Lord Langdale who first set himself to reduce the chaos of our archives into something like order. When the old Record Commission expired in 1837, it was by Lord Langdale's influence that the Public Record Act was

passed on the 14th of August, 1838, whereby the records named therein were placed under the custody of the master of the rolls for the time being, and hereupon a new era began. Nevertheless it was not till July, 1850, that a vote was obtained from the Treasury for the erection of a national depository, wherein our vast archives should be assembled under a single roof, and not till 1855 that the magnificent Tabularium in Fetter Lane was opened for the reception of our muniments.

Lord Langdale died in April, 1851; \* he was succeeded in the mastership of the rolls by Lord Romilly, then Sir John. A happier choice could not have been made. To Lord Langdale belongs the credit of carrying out the grand scheme for consolidating the various collections of documents, which, as we have said, had up to this time been widely dispersed, and the very existence of the larger mass of which was known only to a few experts. To Lord Romilly we owe it that the great original sources of English history so assembled have been rendered accessible to any student who desires to consult them; and it is to him, too, that we are indebted for the issue of that unrivalled series of "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Invasion of the Romans to the reign of Henry VIII." which has laid the foundation for a science of history firmer and deeper and wider than before was believed to be even attainable.

Great men are at once the leaders and the product of their age. When Lord Langdale set himself to his task he was only attempting that which had been talked of since the reign of Edward II. For five centuries the unification of our national records had been recommended and advised by lawyers, statesmen, and scholars from generation to generation, but no practical scheme had ever been suggested, and the difficulties in the way of reform were supposed to be insuperable. It was a Herculean task, and one that grew ever more arduous the longer it was postponed. During the first quar-

\* Lord Langdale resigned three weeks before his death.



ter of the present century profound dissatisfaction had begun to be felt at the condition of our historical literature. The ordinary text-books were full of fables, more than suspected to be fables, which yet it was extremely difficult to disprove satisfactorily. Theories which had long passed current were being rudely assailed, and yet — in the face of the obstacles that hindered research — stubbornly held their ground, or were repeated with peremptory dogmatism. A deep distrust of the old methods and the old assumptions had given rise to a widespread desire to drag forth from their hiding-places any documents, however dry or recondite, which might throw some clear light upon our national life and manners, and not only upon mere events of national importance during mediæval times. A desire to know the truth was in the air. The science of history had passed out of its infancy, and the stirrings of a new craving — the passion of research — were making themselves felt in that mysterious restlessness which indicates that the old smooth-faced docility, the old childish submission to tutelage, the old unquestioning acceptance of authority, has gone forever, and a new life has begun. The year before Lord Langdale received his appointment as master of the rolls, the Surtees Society had been founded for the printing of unedited MSS. illustrative of the history of the northern counties; and in the same year that the old Record Commission expired, the English Historical Society was started, a society which numbered amongst its promoters such men as the late Mr. Kemble, Mr. H. O. Coxe, Sir T. Duffus Hardy, and Mr. Stevenson — the leaders and teachers of that school of younger men who have so ably followed in the steps of their seniors, and who, mounting on the shoulders of the giants, have gained a wider view than it was given to those others to attain. The five years that followed saw the foundation of the Camden, the Percy, and the Chetham Societies, not to mention many another that has done useful work in its way. The labors of these pioneers soon made it quite apparent that the sources of our national history — social, ecclesiasti-

cal, and political — were quite too voluminous for private enterprise to deal with, and would demand the co-operation of a body of trained scholars and the resources of the public exchequer to make them available as apparatus for the teachers of the future.

On the 26th of January, 1857, Sir John Romilly submitted to the Treasury his memorable proposal for the publication of certain materials for the history of England;\* and on the 9th of February a Treasury minute was put forth approving of the plan that had been drawn up as one "well calculated for the accomplishment of this important national object in an effectual and satisfactory manner within a reasonable time." Forthwith arrangements were made for the issue of that series of works which is now known as the "Rolls Series," a collection which has already extended to upwards of two hundred volumes.

The lines laid down by Sir John Romilly were almost exactly those which had been followed by the English Historical Society. Every editor was to "give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities;" he was to add "a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any remarks necessary to explain the chronology; *but no other note or comment* was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text." The restriction was absolutely necessary if only for this, that when the "Rolls Series" was first commenced even the most accomplished of its editors were mere learners. The time had not yet arrived for comments. The text was wanted first in its completeness and integrity.

Looking back to this period — little more than a quarter of a century ago — it is difficult for us to realize the deplorable condition into which our historical literature had been allowed to fall. Kemble's great work, the "*Codex Diplomaticus Aevi Saxonici*," the first volume of which ap-

\* The proposal to print and publish the Calendars had been approved by the authority of the new Record Commissioners as early as January, 1840. See preface to Mr. Lemon's Calendar (Domestic, 1547-1580), p. viii.

peared in 1839, and his "History of the Saxons in England," published in 1849, came upon the great body of intelligent men as the revelation of new things. It is sufficient to turn to the chapter on the constitutional history of England before the Conquest, in Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages," to be assured how meagre and superficial even Hallam's knowledge was of everything before the Norman invasion. It was no fault of his; he made good use of all such materials as were then accessible to the student—that is, all such as had been printed; for that incomparably larger apparatus which since Hallam's days has been published to the world, it was for all practical purposes as if it had never existed at all. Even men of culture and learning were persuaded that all that was ever likely to be known about the religious houses had been collected in the new edition of Dugdale's "Monasticon." It is hardly too much to say that of the history of English monasticism Hallam knew nothing. Dr. Lingard himself had very little more to say of the great abbeys than his predecessors, and had a very inadequate conception of the part they played in the development of our institutions; and when Dr. Maitland wrote his brilliant "Essays on the Dark Ages," he hardly names St. Edmundsbury or St. Alban's, and though one of his most fascinating chapters is concerned with the early days of Croyland, his only authority for the beautiful story which he has handled so skilfully is a romantic narrative attributed to Ingulphus, which has been demonstrated to be a somewhat clumsy though a clever forgery. Of the mendicant orders—of the work they did, of the influence they exercised, and of the attitude adopted towards them in the thirteenth century by the parochial clergy on the one hand, and by the monks on the other—even less was known, if less were possible, than of their wealthier rivals.

Two years had scarcely elapsed since the issue of the Treasury minute of February, 1857, before it began to be said that the history of England would have to be written anew. In the single year 1858 eleven works of the highest importance were printed, and it was evident that neither original materials nor scholarly editors would be wanting to make the "Rolls Series" all that was desired it should become. The "Chronicles of the Monasteries of Abingdon and of St. Augustine at Canterbury," the contemporary "Life of Edward the Confessor," and the

priceless "Monumenta Franciscana," telling the wonderful story of the settlement of the Minorites among us, were printed from unique MSS. Next year the "Chronicle of John of Oxnes" was brought out by Sir Henry Ellis, and the "Historia Anglicana" of Bartholomew Cotton, by Dr. Luard, neither work having ever before been printed. Volume followed volume in rapid succession, a steady improvement becoming observable in the style of editing, as the several editors became more familiar with the results of their predecessors' labors.

It was while working at Bartholomew Cotton that Dr. Luard was brought into intimate relations with the thirteenth century. Hitherto the composite character of such chronicles as had been published had indeed been perceived, but no attempt had been made to trace the original authority for statements repeated in the same words by one writer after another. Dr. Luard opened out a new line of enquiry, and in his edition of Cotton's chronicle he endeavored to distinguish in every instance the material which might fairly be called original from that which his author had borrowed from older writers and incorporated into his text. The borrowed matter was printed in smaller type, and the sources from which it had been derived were indicated by references given at the foot of the page. Cotton's own additions were printed in a bolder type, so as at once to catch the eye. While conducting the laborious researches necessitated by this new method of editing his text, it became clear to Dr. Luard that Cotton had borrowed largely from Matthew Paris—who had lived just a generation before him—and that he had also borrowed from a mysterious writer much read in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, who went by the name of Matthew of Westminster. As to this Matthew of Westminster, Dr. Luard postponed dealing with him till some future time. He might prove a mere mythic personage, and it was suspected he would; but Matthew Paris was certainly no shadow, but a very real man, whose greatness seemed to grow greater the more he was studied and the better he was known. Yet as Dr. Luard became more familiar with the text of Paris, he was soon convinced that in its printed form it was bristling with the grossest inaccuracies of all kinds. Originally it had been published under the authority of Archbishop Parker in 1571; and though other editions had appeared, in this country and on the Continent, sev-

eral times since then, Paris's great work had remained exactly in the same state as Parker (or whoever his agent was) had left it three centuries ago. That is to say, that by far the most important work on English history during the thirteenth century—not to mention European affairs—and by far the most minute and trustworthy picture of English life and manners during the reign of Henry III.—a record, too, drawn up by a contemporary writer of rare genius and literary skill—was defaced by blunders, audacious tampering with the text, and gross inaccuracies, to such an extent that no conscientious student could allow himself to quote the printed work without first referring to one of the very MSS. which the archbishop professed to have used.

Nevertheless, the task of bringing out a critical edition of the "*Chronica Majora*" did not appear less formidable as fresh sources of information cropped up; and if Dr. Luard shrank from the immense labor that such an edition involved, it was because he had formed a correct notion of its magnitude. In 1861 he brought out in the same series the "*Letters of Robert Grosseteste*," the heroic and magnanimous Bishop of Lincoln; and while working at this volume, the England of the thirteenth century became more and more alive and present to the mind of the student.

But distinctly and grandly as one noble character after another revealed itself, there was a strange mist that required to be dispelled before even the importance of great events could be rightly estimated. The inner life of the monasteries, great and small, must be enquired into, so far as it was possible to get any information on so obscure a subject; and, above all, the paramount influence which so magnificent an institution as the Abbey of St. Alban's exercised upon the intellectual life of the country must be studied with patient impartiality. Before a scholar with so lofty an ideal of an editor's duty could venture upon his *magnum opus*, there was indeed an enormous mass of preliminary work to get through. The horizon seemed to widen everywhere as the years of historical discovery went on. It was left to Mr. Riley to attack that wonderful collection of documents to which he gave the title of "*Chronica Monasterii Sancti Albani*"—a series occupying twelve thick volumes, and which furnish us not only with a priceless apparatus, by the help of which a hundred problems perplexing the historian are furnished with

a clue towards their solution, but which afford such an insight into the life of the greatest monastery in England during its best times as nobody expected could ever be forthcoming. While Mr. Riley was occupied with the chronicles of St. Alban's and the lives of its abbots, Dr. Luard was engaged in collecting all the annals of the lesser monasteries which he could lay his hands on. Some of these had already been printed more or less carelessly; others had never seen the light since they were written. Such as were printed were extremely difficult to procure—scarce and costly. Dr. Luard took six years in bringing out his five volumes—volumes referring to the golden age of English monasticism, which threw all sorts of side light upon Mr. Riley's "*Chronicles*," while they were in turn continually being explained and illustrated by them.

While the "*Monastic Annals*" were passing through the press, a very startling announcement was made by no less a person than Sir Frederick Madden, keeper of the department of manuscripts in the British Museum. Sir Frederick declared that he had come upon a copy of what was commonly called the "*Historia Minor*" of Matthew Paris, not only written by the author himself, but actually annotated, corrected, and illustrated with drawings by his own hand. Such an announcement made by an expert of European reputation, one who had been handling MSS. all his life, necessarily created a sensation in the literary world. If it were accepted and proved true, it was one of the most curious romances in the history of literature. But was it true? To most critics the antecedent improbability of the theory put forth by Sir Frederick was so great as to relegate it to the domain of extravagant paradox; but the name and fame of its supporter were too high to allow of its being dismissed without refutation. For two or three years no one ventured to enter the lists against so formidable a champion who had staked his reputation upon the issue. At last another great specialist, not a whit less competent than the other, came forward to controvert the opinions and theory which had been so confidently maintained by Sir Frederick. In 1871 Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy brought out the third volume of his "*Catalogue*," and it was in the famous introduction to this volume that the Madden hypothesis was first assailed with damaging effect. Sir Thomas, it must be remembered, was deputy keeper of the records. Sir Frederick was keeper

of the department of manuscripts at the British Museum. Each was the representative man in his own department, and a very pretty quarrel arose. Into the merits of that quarrel it is impossible to enter here; it is a matter for specialists, not for outsiders, to pronounce upon. This, however, may be said with confidence, that if we except that school of very able and accomplished experts which the British Museum has trained, experts whose range of diplomatic knowledge must needs be wider than that of any "record man," the refutation of Sir Frederick Madden by Sir Thomas Duffus was generally regarded as unanswerable and triumphant. With the exception indicated—a very important exception indeed—the Madden hypothesis was believed to be utterly demolished, in fact "blown into the air." Nevertheless there are those, from whom something may be expected some day in the way of rejoinder, who are by no means sure that the last word on this question has been said that deserves to be said, and even so scrupulous and sagacious a critic as Dr. Luard seems to be less certain than he was that Madden was quite wrong in *all* he affirmed and Hardy quite right in *all* he denied.

The attention which had been drawn to Matthew Paris by this remarkable controversy could not but have its effect in awakening a desire for that critical edition of the larger chronicle which Dr. Luard had been so long preparing. The way was cleared for such an edition now; it was not likely that any more MSS. of the author would be discovered. Such as were deposited in the various libraries had been carefully scrutinized, or their homes were known, and the long years of preparatory study had been turned to good account—no pains had been spared nor any labor grudged. In 1872 the first volume of the "*Chronica Majora*" appeared in the "Rolls Series." In 1884 the seventh and last volume was issued, containing the learned editor's last preface, glossary, and emendations, and an index to the whole work, extending over nearly six hundred pages. It is a long time since an English scholar has had the good fortune to carry to its completion so important a work as this, projected on so large a scale, executed with such conscientious care—characterized by so much critical skill and scrupulous accuracy—and all this achieved single-handed in the midst of other duties, professional and academical, which would be quite sufficient to exhaust the energies of an ordinary man.

Now that the work has been done, and done so thoroughly that it may safely be asserted the standard edition of the "*Chronica Majora*" has been published once for all, we are in a better position than we ever were heretofore for taking a survey of the life and labors of its author, and for answering the enquiries which of late have been made with increasing frequency, and made too among those who might have been expected to be able to answer them. Who and what was Matthew Paris? What did he do, and what did he write that the learned few should speak of him with so much reverence, though to the unlearned many he is little more than a famous and familiar name?

Perhaps before dealing with his personal history, or entering into any examination of his literary labors, it will be well first to answer the question, *What* was Matthew Paris? for it is simply impossible to estimate rightly the debt we owe to him, or to understand the brief account that could be drawn up of his career, until we have learned to know something of the profession to which he belonged, and the great foundation of which he was so distinguished an ornament. By profession Matthew Paris was a monk. A monk "professed" is a term indicating the higher grade to which not every brother in a monastery attained. The very term "profession" may be traced to the cloister. In its usual acceptance it is modern.

To dilate upon the various monastic orders, which were almost as numerous in the thirteenth century as the different religious denominations are in the nineteenth, would be out of place here. Suffice it to say that the English monasteries in Henry III.'s time counted by hundreds. But there were monasteries and monasteries; some the homes of the scholar, the devout, and the high-minded, the seats of learning and the resting-places of the studious and the aged, who hated war and tumult, and only longed for repose; some that were mere hiding-holes for the lazy and the incompetent, the failures among the younger sons of the gentry, who had not the power of pushing their way in the world, or whose career had been a disappointment. Such men, where all else failed, could get themselves admitted into some smaller religious house by the interest of the patron; sometimes bringing in a trifling addition to the common property, sometimes simply "pitchforked" into a vacancy, it is difficult to say how. Then they became "brethren" of the monastery,

and sharers in most of the good things that it could offer; they were almost exactly in the same position as fellows of colleges were twenty years ago, holding their preferment for life, with this difference that a fellowship at the smallest college in Oxford or Cambridge always implied *some* qualification for the post. A college fellow, at the worst, must have had some claims to learning or culture; whereas in the smaller and more remote monasteries a man might be scandalously ignorant, and yet gain admittance as a brother of the house.

Between the highest and the lowest of that great army of monks, dispersed through the length and breadth of the land, when English monachism had declined from its earlier ideal, there was as great a distance as there is at this moment between the fellows of Balliol or Trinity, and the poor brethren of the Charterhouse, or the bedesmen in the cathedrals of the old foundation.

In the first half of the thirteenth century English monachism was at its best; the twelfth century was emphatically the reformation age of British monachism. All the many schemes for starting new orders with improved rules, and all the efforts to improve the discipline of the religious houses and fan the fire of devotion among their members, assumed that the monasteries were then living institutions with vast powers for good, and institutions which needed only to be reformed to make them all that the most earnest and ardent enthusiast claimed that they ought to be, and might become. In the fifty years preceding the accession of King John, more than two hundred monasteries had been built and endowed — some of them munificently endowed, and the only purely English order (that of St. Gilbert of Sempringham) had been founded, and in little more than fifty years could count no less than fourteen considerable houses. Englishmen believed in the monastic system as they have never believed in anything else since then; never have such prodigious sacrifices been made, never has such lavish munificence been shown by the upper classes as during the century ending with the accession of Edward I. In the next hundred years they were chiefly the townsmen and traders, not the landed proprietors, who emptied their money-bags into the lap of the begging friars. Certainly the great religious houses at the end of the thirteenth century had the entire confidence of the country, and it is impossible to understand

the long reign of Henry III. unless we are fully awake to the fact that then, too, the monasteries were not only thriving and powerful, but were institutions on whose help and power the people leant with an assured confidence, because they were pre-eminently the people's friends.

But between the old foundations which had a history and the new houses that were springing up in every shire, some feeling of jealousy and soreness was sure to arise. The old abbeys, with a history that looked back into a past all clouds and mist, but none the less glorious for that, affected a supercilious tone towards the mushrooms that had of late sprouted into vigorous life. A man need not be an old man who can remember when the Eton and Winchester boys at the universities affected an air of contempt for all the "modern" places of education, and disdained to number such institutions as Cheltenham or Clifton among the "public schools." These were all very well in their way, but where were their traditions? So with the older and grander Benedictine monasteries, with charters from Saxon kings, let alone anything else. Glastonbury, where men said two of the apostles had built themselves a house of prayer, and where St. Patrick and St. Dunstan lay entombed; Canterbury, where Augustine, the English apostle, found a home; Malmesbury, where St. Aldhelm preached to the barbarous people, and when they tired of his sermon played to them upon his harp, and, anticipating Mr. Sankey, sang David's Psalms to the crowds that moved by him as they passed over the bridge of Avon. These venerable foundations, about whose origin a glamor of mystery had gathered, whose history had become strangely obscured by the body of myths that had grown up in the lapse of centuries — which had survived pillage and anarchy, and all the horrors of fire and sword, desolating, devastating — were there before men's eyes, testifying to the amazing vitality which a millennium of strange vicissitude had not only not destroyed, but not even impaired. Such a mighty pile of buildings, as had risen up to heaven there in the old Roman town of Verulam, appealed to the imagination of mankind — the very materials of the massive tower, ruddy in the blaze of the noonday, must have been a wonder and astonishment to many an awestruck pilgrim perplexed at the first sight of Roman bricks burnt on the spot a thousand years ago. There stood the mighty Roman rampart,



vast, enormous, the ground beneath his feet teeming with the tangible memories of grisly conflict, or of an old civilization that had been blotted out long ago — the swords of Roman legionaries, the bones of British heroes, coins with legends that few could read turned up by the ploughman's share. Yonder, men said, away there at Redburn, the heathen pursuers had come upon England's proto-martyr and slain the saint of God, whose bones since then had been gathered up, and were now resting in their sumptuous shrine. When the Norman came, and the new order was set up in the land — not a day before it was needed — the thirteenth abbot of St. Alban's was of the blood royal, and heir, they said, to Cnut, the Danish king, who had passed away. It was to him that the awful Conqueror made oath he would bind himself by the Confessor's laws, an oath which, if he ever meant to keep, he meant to interpret according to his mood. Even the very laxity and shortcomings of the abbots of generations back, which tradition, and something more to be trusted than tradition, declared to have been matters of scandal, proved no more than that the great abbey could live through evil times, outride the storms which would wreck weaker vessels, and right itself, though overloaded with abuses which timid pilots would have shrunk from throwing overboard; and now that four hundred years had passed since Offa, the Saxon king (stirred thereto by Karl, the emperor) had founded the monastery in St. Alban's honor, and from generation to generation vast building operations had been going on almost without interruption, and the old abbey still held up its head proudly, its abbot taking precedence of every other in the land, any man might be excused for thinking that to become a monk of St. Alban's abbey was to become a personage of no small consideration.

Verily it was a great abbey in the days of King John. There, in the eighth year of that king's reign, was held that memorable council, which, if it had been let alone, would doubtless have issued its protest against the intolerable aggression of the pope and his *curia*. There, six years afterwards, another assembly was convened; the first occasion on which we find any historical proof that representatives were summoned to a national council in England. Eight times during his reign the ruffian king was himself a guest at the abbey. Once after John's death, when Louis was desperately struggling

to hold his own against young Henry's friends and supporters, he too came to St. Alban's, and threatened to give it over to fire and sword; only money saved it from a sack. There was always something to take, and yet always wonderful state kept up. The magnates in Church and State were forever going in and out; the mere domestic expenditure was enormous. Yet, even when the country was groaning under horrible anarchy, and grinding taxation, and war and poverty, the building went on as if men lived only to glorify the great house, and to raise its church tower, or beautify the west front, or fill the windows with stained glass, or erect the splendid pulpit in the nave — a miracle of art.

It would be a very great mistake to conclude that all this lavish expenditure implied the enjoyment of large rents from land. The revenue derived from the tenants of the abbey and the profits of farming were no doubt considerable; but that revenue could never have sufficed alone to defray the cost of keeping up the establishment. In point of fact, when a monastery, great or small, depended wholly upon its landed property, it invariably got into debt; sometimes it got hopelessly into debt. It is clear that before the dissolution a very large number of the religious houses were insolvent. The striking paucity in the number of "religious" at the time of the suppression — for hardly one house in ten had its full complement of inmates — is by no means wholly to be attributed to the reluctance on the part of people in general to take upon themselves the monastic vows. Where a monastery was financially in a critical condition, the brotherhood resorted to the expedient which is at this moment being carried out at more than one college in Oxford and Cambridge. Now, when times are bad, we temporarily suppress a fellowship; then, on the death of a brother of the house, they chose no monk into his place.

The income from landed estates at St. Alban's was probably at no time equal to what may be called the extraordinary income. The offerings at the shrines of SS. Alban and Amphibalus, the proceeds of the offertory at those magnificent and dramatic functions in which the multitude delighted, and the *douceurs* that were always expected and almost always given in return for hospitality, which only in theory was free, — these and many another source of profit, which the universal habit of giving money for "pious uses"

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supplied, all made up a sum total, in comparison with which the proceeds of the rent-roll were insignificant. In the taxation of Pope Nicholas (A.D. 1291) the whole revenue of the abbey from rent and dues in the liberty of St. Alban's is set down at 392*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*, a sum which in those days would go as far as 5000*l.* a year now. Even granting that this was only half the net income derivable from the abbey's estates, which were widely distributed, an expenditure of 10,000*l.* a year would go in our own time a very little way towards meeting the charges which such an enormous establishment involved. The mere keeping up the buildings at all times entailed a very heavy annual outlay. Already in the thirteenth century the precincts of the abbey were overcrowded with palatial edifices, which were never pulled down except to make room for larger ones. There were acres of roofs within the abbey walls.

And what return was being made to the nation, that every rank and every class were keeping up a rivalry in munificence in favor of such an institution as this? What had they done, what were they doing, these seventy men, with their abbot at their head, who were in the enjoyment of an income larger than that of many a principality? How was it that no one in those days accused them of being indolent drones, mere burdens upon the earth, as they were called frequently enough, and loudly enough, and angrily enough, three centuries later? It was the age for the expansion of the monastic system—none then wished to sweep the monks away. One of the reasons why the monasteries had retained their hold upon the affection of the people, and were regarded with reverence and pride and confidence, lay in this, that they had moved with the times, and that the monasticism of the thirteenth was very different indeed from the monasticism of the ninth century. The primitive asceticism had almost vanished; it had not, however, died, leaving nothing in its place. No one now expected to find the religious houses filled with religious people, every one holy, devout, and fervent; the personal sanctity of the inmates was one thing, the sanctity of their churches and shrines was quite another. In the old days the monks were separate from the world, living to save their own souls at best; examples to such as trembled at the wrath of God, and longed for the life to come. As time went on they mixed more boldly with the sinful world, and gradually they became more

and more the illuminators of the darkness round them. Now they were regarded as in great measure the salt of the earth, and if that salt should lose its savor, where was such virtue elsewhere to be found? Personally, the men might be worldly—vicious, as a rule, they certainly were not—they were, *mutatis mutandis*, what in our time would be called cultured gentlemen, courteous, highly educated and refined, as compared with the great mass of their contemporaries; a privileged class who were not abusing their privileges; a class from whence all the art and letters and accomplishments of the time emanated, allied in blood as much with the low as the high, the aristocracy of intellect, and the pioneers of scientific and material progress. The model farming of the thirteenth century would be regarded as barbaric by our modern theorists; but such as it was, it was only to be met with on the demesne lands of the larger monasteries, and was a prodigious advance upon the *petite culture* of the open fields. The priory at Norwich made an income out of its garden in the days of Edward III., and probably much earlier; the pisciculture of the religious houses remains a mystery as yet unsolved; the skill exhibited in the management of the water-power of many a district round even the smaller houses, still awakes wonder in those who think it worth their while to study it. At St. Alban's, as at Glastonbury, St. Edmund's Abbey, and elsewhere, the culture of the vine was made profitable for generations. The monasteries were the first to give personal freedom to the villeins, and the first to commute for money payments the vexatious *services* which worried the best men and maddened the worst. The landlords in the thirteenth century were real lords of the land. They were, as a class, very poor, spite of the privileges they enjoyed and the power that they possessed of making themselves disagreeable; and though the constitution of a manor was a limited monarchy, and the limits were very many, yet the lord could exercise a great deal of petty tyranny in his little kingdom if he were so disposed. In the manors which were in the possession of the religious houses the lord was necessarily non-resident, and the tenants were left to manage their own affairs with very little interference. The tenants of the monasteries were in a far more favored condition than the tenants of some small lord, needy and greedy, who extorted his dues literally to the last farthing, and who knew exactly what the

best beast was, on the land that owed him a heriot; and when the tenant was *in extremis*, kept a sharp lookout that a fat bullock or a promising young horse should not be driven off before the owner died.

So the monasteries at the time we are now concerned with, were regarded at once with pride and affection by the great bulk of the people; they were places of refuge where, in a turbulent time, men and women who had been stricken, bereaved, or wronged, might find a quiet refuge and hide their heads and be forgotten and fall asleep, with the prayers of other sufferers to console and support them in their passage through the valley of the shadow of death. The gentlest spirits here could taste the bliss of a holy tranquillity; the ascetic could indulge his most fantastic self-immolation; the morbid visionary could dream at his will and give his imagination full play, none hindering him; evil demons might chatter and gibe and twit him at his prayers; choirs of angels might calm his despair with celestial lullabies; awful forms might rise from clouds of incense, as the gorgeous procession moved along the vast church aisles, or stopped before some glittering shrine. What then? Who would question the reality of a miracle, or doubt that sublime revelations might be made to any holy monk as he wrestled in prayer with a rapture of the soul, and found himself lifted to the seventh heaven in ecstasy unutterable?

What has been said applies mainly to the older houses, those which were under what may be called the primitive Benedictine rule. If men were moved to rigid asceticism, however, and had a taste for bald simplicity; if art, and music, and ornate architecture, had no charm for them, and they dreamt that God could only be sought and found in the wilderness, the Cistercian houses offered such a congenial asylum. The Cistercians were the Puritans of the monasteries, and appealed to that mysterious sentiment which makes some minds shrink with fear from the touch of luxury, and regard culture as antagonistic to personal holiness. The sentiment was strong in the reign of Henry II., when nineteen Cistercian houses were founded; but it is not improbable that other motives, beside mere taste for a stricter discipline, led to the foundation of eight more in the reign of King John. Meanwhile the Benedictines had become by far the most learned and most educating body in the land, and pre-eminent above them all was the great Abbey of

St. Alban's. If it was not at this time the centre of intellectual life in England, it was because at this time centralization was unknown. Eadmer, Florence of Worcester, Gervase of Canterbury, William of Malmesbury, Simeon of Durham, were all twelfth-century Benedictines. They were all students and writers of history, and history meant literature till Peter Lombard arose at the end of the twelfth century and revolutionized the world of thought — at any rate the domain of logic. John of Salisbury fiercely assails the intellectual innovators of his time on the ground that the new lights of the twelfth century disdained to be students of history, and affected contempt for the past. It was the old story; literary culture found itself in antagonism with scientific culture, and the vigorous childhood of scientific research was aggressive, insolent, and noisily insubordinate. The old seminaries, whose homes were in the Benedictine monasteries, refused to welcome the new learning. Its teachers settled themselves elsewhere; at Paris, on the other side of the water, they had a hard fight of it. Once in 1209 the Synod of Paris actually prohibited the reading of Aristotle's "Metaphysics." At Oxford they seem to have met with a more generous reception. Perhaps it was because that reception was too enthusiastic that King Stephen at the close of his miserable reign expelled Vacarius, the first teacher of scientific law in England. Whereupon young men of parts and ambition crossed the Channel, seeking and finding at Pavia and Bologna what was not to be had at home. The monastic schools held their own, and went on in the old groove; the intellectual revolution which soon came about by the agency of the mendicant orders was not yet dreamt of. St. Alban's, Malmesbury, and other such mighty foundations, stuck to the old studies, just as Eton and Winchester stuck to Latin verse as the one thing needful, and reluctantly gave in to the new-fangled notion of having a "modern side."

Outside the abbey precincts, a hundred yards from the great gate, and separated from it by the *Rome land*, which may possibly have served the boys as a playground, stood the grammar school. Whether it offered a different training from that which was usually supplied to the scholars who were under training in the cloister, it is difficult to say. Within the precincts, when the thirteenth century began, there stood the great church, enriched by the accumulated offerings of centuries, and

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glowing with dazzling splendor of jewels and cloth of gold, and glass that glorified the very sunshine, and wonders of sculpture and color and needlework filling the heart to overflowing with inexplicable hopes and longings for an ideal that seemed possible of realization, if only the Church in heaven should be as far removed above the actual of the Church on earth, as the glories of the Church on earth were removed above the squalid life of the common workday world. All this in witness that the great abbey was, first and foremost, a religious foundation, raised in the first instance to the glory of God, and meant to help forward the worship of God, and make that worship worthy of the Most High.

But besides being primarily and emphatically a religious foundation, the abbey in the thirteenth century had grown into something else, and had become the home of a corporation of scholars and students, who were the leaders of art and culture in an age when art and culture were to be met with nowhere outside the walls of a great monastery. There, in what might be called the museum of the abbey, you might see no mean collection of antique gems that had once been the pride of Roman magistrates. Mysterious specimens of barbaric gold work, fashioned by unknown craftsmen for the necks of nameless chieftains who had drawn the sword and perished, none knew when. Engraved gems that had been dug up in mysterious sepulchres, about which even imagination despaired of telling any story; relics of saints and martyrs, charters of Saxon kings, granted centuries before the Normans came to ring out the old and ring in the new. The wealth of mere archæological specimens at St. Alban's made it such a museum of antiquities as provokes wonder and bitterness, as we read the catalogue of what was once there, and has perished utterly and forever.\*

The range of buildings to the south of the church covered a far larger area than that which the church itself occupied. Uncertain though the exact site may be and is, there had already been added in Brother Matthew's time what we should now call an art school, a library, and, almost more famous than all, the scriptorium. By-and-by, too, came the printing-press which John Herford set up in 1480.

Wynkyn de Worde was sometime schoolmaster of Saint Alban's, and Lady Juliana Berners's famous volume issued from the abbey press, while Caxton was still pursuing his craft in the almonry of another monastery at Westminster.

In the days of King John, however, people had so little idea of the possibility of the printing-press, that they were almost equally ignorant of such a material as paper for literary purposes. Yet it is a huge mistake which has not yet been exploded, as it ought to be, that reading and writing were rare accomplishments in the thirteenth century. Knowledge of a certain kind was disseminated far more effectively and far more universally than is generally believed. The country parson was expected to be the schoolmaster of his parish, and generally was so, and there was hardly a village in England during the reign of Henry III. in which there were not one or more persons who could write a clerical hand, draw up accounts in Latin, and keep the records of the various petty courts and gatherings that were continually being held, sometimes to the annoyance and grievous vexation of the rural population. The professional writers were so numerous, and their training so severe, that they had got for themselves privileges of a very exceptional kind; the clerk took rank with the clergyman, and the writer of a book was almost as much esteemed as its author.

The scriptorium of a great monastery was at once the printing-press and the publishing office. It was the place where books were written, and whence they issued to the world. With the traditional exclusiveness of the older monasteries there was less desire, no doubt, to diffuse and disperse than to accumulate books, but the composing and the multiplication of books was always going on. The scriptorium was a great writing-school too, and the rules of the art of writing which were laid down there were so rigidly and severely adhered to, that to this day it is not difficult to decide at a glance whether a book was written in St. Alban's or St. Edmund's Abbey. Sometimes as many as twenty writers were employed at once, and besides these there were occasionally supernumeraries, who were professional scribes, and who were paid for their services; but nothing short of perfect penmanship, such trained skill, for instance, as would now be required of an engraver, would qualify a copyist to take part in the finished work, which the copying of important books required.

\* In Dr. Luard's sixth volume there are two facsimiles of certain colored drawings of the more precious gems at St. Alban's, with careful descriptions of them, the text and the illustrations being most probably executed by Matthew Paris himself.

One of the conclusions which Sir Thomas Hardy arrived at during the course of his minute examination of Sir Frederick Madden's theory is so curious, and opens out such an unexpected view of the way in which our monasteries may have been brought under the influence of foreign literature, that it is worth while in this connection to quote the great critic's own words:—

After minutely examining every page of the manuscripts in question, as well as others, which were undoubtedly written in the monastery of St. Alban's, and comparing them with others executed in various parts of England and on the Continent, I can come to no other conclusion than that during the latter half of the 13th century, and perhaps a little earlier, there prevailed among the scribes in the Scriptorium of St. Alban's, a peculiar character of writing which is not recognizable in any other religious house in England during that period; but which is traceable in some foreign manuscripts, and even in private deeds executed in England in the neighborhood of St. Alban's during the 12th and 13th centuries. These facts lead me to the inference, that *the school-master who taught the art of writing to Matthew Paris and the other members and scholars of the establishment at St. Alban's was a foreigner*; that his pupils not only imitated their instructor in the formation of his letters, but also in his exceptional orthography.

What questions suggest themselves as we accept the conclusion arrived at! Who was he, this "foreigner," who had come from across the sea to bring in his outlandish novelties into the great scriptorium? Was he some Frenchman imported from sunny Champagne, where Thibaut, the mawkish singer, was making verses which his people loved to listen to? Did he teach the young novices French as well as writing? Did he touch the lute himself on feast-days, and charm them with some new lyric of Gasse Bruslé, or delight them with one of Rutebeuf's merry ditties? France was all alive with song at this time, and princes were rivals now for poetic fame. It may be that this foreigner brought in a taste for light literature as well as for a new fashion in penmanship, and made known to his pupils such alluring novelties as the "*Roman d'Alexandre*," soon to be eclipsed by the "*Roman de la Rose*."

The scriptorium at St. Alban's was founded by Abbot Paul, a kinsman of Archbishop Lanfranc, when the great abbey had already existed for three centuries. Paul became abbot eleven years after the Conquest, and he showed himself an able and earnest administrator. From

this time learning and a love of books became a tradition of the house. Abbot after abbot continued to add to the collection of MSS., and to increase the value of the library. But St. Alban's had never had a great historian of its own. Strange and shameful fact! East and west and north and south, all over the land, there were great writers holding up their proud heads. Out in the desolate wilds there at Peterborough, they had been actually keeping up a chronicle for centuries—ay, and written in the vernacular too. The lonely monastery of Ely, among the swamps, had its historian. Malmesbury boasted her learned William; and Worcester, which St. Wulstan had raised from the dust, as it were, only the other day, had already her Florence. In the great houses of the northern province there had been no lack of writers to whom the past was an open book. Even Westminster had long ago had her chronographer, and far away in furthest Wales, Geoffrey, the Monmouth man, was making men open their eyes very wide indeed with tales—idle tales they might be, but they were well worth the reading—and there was talk too of another young Welshman, Giraldus, who was on the way towards outdoing the other by-and-by. What are we coming to? Holy St. Alban, shalt thou and thy house be put to shame?—that be far from us!

Thus it came to pass that about a century after the foundation of the scriptorium, and when the library had grown to an imposing size, Abbot Simon bestirred himself, and a new office was created in the abbey, to wit, that of historiographer. In our time we should have given this functionary a grander title, and called him professor of history; but in the twelfth century, they called him what he was, a writer of history, and from this time, in fact, the writing of history, after a certain authorized method, began, and what has been called, and deserves to be called, the St. Alban's school of history took its rise.

It is evident that before the thirteenth century had well begun, an historical compendium of great value had already been drawn up, which must have been compiled by careful students with a command of books such as during this age was rare.

The compilation [says Dr. Luard] whenever and by whomsoever it was written, must be regarded as a very curious and remarkable one. The very large number of sources consulted, the miscellaneous character of many of



the extracts, the mixture of history and legend, the giving fixed years to stories which even writers like Geoffrey of Monmouth had left undated, the care at one time and the carelessness at another, the slavishness with which one authority is followed, and the recklessness with which another is altered, the frequent confusion of dates, their ignorance and want of care, the blunders displayed in many instances from the compiler not understanding the author whom he is copying, as is especially the case in the extracts from the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle;" all these characteristics may well earn for the author the title that Lappenberg has given to him, though under the name of "Matthew of Winchester," namely, that of the "Verwirrer der Geschichte." At the same time there is no doubt that he had access to some materials which we no longer possess: and my object has been to trace all his statements, where possible, to their source, and to distinguish any additions that the compiler has made when they are merely rhetorical amplifications of his own, or when they are really from some source not now extant. (Pref. to vol. i., p. xxxiii.)

After all that can be said, the work surprises us by the erudition it displays. Nor is that surprise lessened when we have gone through the masterly analysis of its contents, which Dr. Luard has given us in the preface to his first volume. Such as it was, it became the great text-book on which Roger of Wendover founded his own labors when he incorporated it into the chronicle which he left behind him. Roger of Wendover did good work, and laboriously epitomized, supplemented, and improved, but he was a mere literary monk after all; a student, a bookworm, simple, conscientious, and truthful; a trustworthy reporter, "a picker-up of learning's crumbs," a monkish historiographer, in short; but by no means a historian of large views and of original mind. Roger of Wendover died in 1236, and Matthew Paris succeeded to his office and work.

From what has been said, the reader may be presumed to have gained something like an answer to our first question, *What was Brother Matthew?* Briefly, he was a representative monk of the most powerful monastery in England during the thirteenth century, when that monastery was at its best, and doing the work which in after times the universities and great schools of the country took out of the hands of the religious houses; work, too, which since those days has been done by the printing-press, and by many other institutions better fitted to deal with the requirements of an immensely larger population, and to be the instruments for dif-

fusing culture and refinement through the nation after it had outgrown the older machinery.

When we come to look into the personal history of Brother Matthew, the details of his biography need not detain us long. Sir Henry Taylor's famous line is only half true, after all;

The world knows nothing of its greatest men really means that the world knows less about them than it would like to know. And yet the world knows almost as much about them as is good for it. The leading facts of a man's career are all that concern most of us — the main lines — not the details. Of Matthew Paris we know enough, because he has himself given us so faithful a picture of his times, and so charming an insight into the daily life which he led.

Unnecessary doubt has been suggested as to his parentage, and whether his extraction was or was not from a stock that could boast of gentle blood. For our part we incline strongly to the belief, that Brother Matthew was called Paris because that was his name, and had been his father's name before him. A family of that name held lands in Bedfordshire in Henry III.'s time; others of the same stock were settled in Lincolnshire earlier still; and the Cambridgeshire family (one of whom was among the visitors of the monasteries under Henry VIII.) boasted of a long line of ancestors, and retained their estates in the eastern counties till late in the seventeenth century. Young Matthew probably received his education in the school at St. Alban's, and soon showed a decided taste for learning and the student's life, and that in the thirteenth century meant an inclination for the life of the cloister. Many a precocious lad is even now taught from his childhood to look forward to the glories of a college fellowship, and the career which such an academic success may open to him; and in the thirteenth century a schoolboy's ambition was directed to the goal of admission to a great monastery — that step on the ladder which whosoever could reach, there was no knowing how high he might climb — how high above the common sons of earth or, if he preferred it, how high towards the heaven that is above the earth.

Matthew was probably born about the year 1200, and in January, 1217, he became a monk at St. Alban's, *i.e.*, he became a novice. At this time a lad could commence his novitiate at fifteen; but the

age was subsequently advanced to nineteen, the younger limit having been found, as a rule, too early even for the preliminary discipline required. On the day after the lad was admitted, a frightful scene took place in the monastery. A band of Fawkes de Breauté's cut-throats had stormed the town of St. Alban's, burst into the abbey, and slaughtered at the door of the church one Robert Mai, a servant of the abbot. William de Trumpington was abbot at this time, a vigorous and resolute personage, who ruled the convent with a firm hand. Like all really able men, he was ably seconded, for he knew how to choose his subordinates. At first the monks had repented of their choice, and there were quarrels and litigation and appeals to the pope, and many serious "unpleasantnesses;" but as time went on, Abbot William had won the allegiance of all the convent, and they were proud of him. He was a man of books, among his other virtues, and had an eye for bookish men; and when he deposed Roger de Wendover from being prior of Belvoir with a somewhat high hand, and brought him back to St. Alban's, he doubtless did so because he knew that at Belvoir he was a square man in a round hole, while in the scriptorium of the abbey he would be in his right place. Certainly the event proved that the abbot was right, and it was to this judicious removal of a student and man of letters to his proper home that we owe so much of our knowledge of those interesting minutæ of English history which the writer has revealed. It was under the eye of Roger de Wendover that Matthew Paris grew up, rendering him every year more and more substantial assistance in the library and in the scriptorium.

But the young man was not only a bookworm and a copyist, he soon got to be looked upon as a prodigy. He was a universal genius; he could do whatever he set his hand to, and better than any one else. He could draw, and paint, and illuminate, and work in metals. Some said he could even construct maps; he was versed in everything, and noticed everything from "the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall;" he was an expert in heraldry; he could tell you about whales, and camels, and buffaloes, and elephants—he could even draw an elephant—illustrate his history, in fact, with the elephant's portrait, the first elephant, he says, that had ever been seen in our northern climes. It was centuries before men had dreamt of what the science of

geology would one day reveal. Then, too, he had vast capacity for work, and was a courtly person, and he had the gift of tongues, and had been a great traveller; he had early been sent by the convent to study at the University of Paris, and wherever he went, he was the man to make friends. When the Benedictines in Norway had convinced themselves that there was sore need of a reform of their rule and discipline, they applied to Pope Innocent IV. to send them a visitor furnished with the necessary authority for carrying out so delicate and difficult a mission, and they made choice of Matthew Paris as the fittest possible person for such a work. Reluctantly Brother Matthew was compelled to undertake the task; he started on his northern voyage in 1248, and was absent about a year. In Norway he soon grew into high favor with King Hacon, who peradventure would have kept him at his side if he could. This seems to have been the most important episode in his otherwise uneventful life. But the advantages and opportunities which were at the command of any ambitious and studious young monk at St. Alban's were in themselves extraordinary. We have said that building was always going on. It was going on on a very large scale indeed in Abbot William's time. That means that there were the plans and sections and working drawings to be copied for the architect, and measurements and calculations by the thousand to be made—a school of architecture, in short; and besides that, what Roger de Wendover was in the scriptorium, that Walter of Colchester, *pictor et sculptor incomparabilis*, was in the painting-room. Walter was a sculptor; indeed he wrought at his marvellous pulpit which the abbot set up in the middle of the church; and he carved the story of St. Alban upon the great beam over the high altar, and did many another thing of which we have only too brief descriptions. Then, too, there was Richard, the monk who decorated the grand new guests' hall *deliciosa*, as we are told, and who painted pictures and carried out other works of embellishment at a pace which none could have kept up, but that he had his father to help him with his brush, and another artist, John of Wallingford, to carry out his great designs, and many more skilled limners whose names have gone down into silence.

When Abbot William's reign came to an end, the monks were unanimous in choosing John of Hertford as his successor, and the new abbot lost no time in



showing favor to Matthew Paris. Next year Roger de Wendover died, and who could there be so worthy to succeed him as historiographer as the versatile and accomplished brother, who by this time was the boast of the great house? And historiographer accordingly Matthew became — *mutatis mutandis*, a sort of thirteenth-century editor of the *Times*; his business was to gather from all points of the compass, if not the latest news, yet the best and most trustworthy reports upon whatever was worth recording. He had his correspondents all over Europe, and that he sifted the evidence as it came to him we know.

Wherever there was any great event that deserved a place in the abbey chronicle, some splendid pageant to describe, some battle, or treaty, or pestilence, or flood, or famine, straightway tidings came to the vigilant historiographer; and there was a comparison of the evidence brought in, and some testing of witnesses, and finally the narrative was drawn up and incorporated into Matthew's history. Again and again it happened that a great personage who, while himself making history, was anxious that his own part in a transaction should be represented favorably, would try to get the right side of the famous chronicler, and would furnish him with private information. Even the king himself thought it no scorn to communicate facts and documents to Brother Matthew. Once when Henry saw him in a crowd on a memorable occasion, he picked him out, and bade him take his seat by his side, and see to it that he made a true and faithful report of what was going on; and it is evident that the royal favor which he enjoyed through life must have extended to furnishing him with many a story and many a detail which none but the king could have supplied. The minute account of the attempt to assassinate Henry in 1238; the curious State paper giving a narrative of the dispute between the king and his nobles in 1242; the strange scene at the tomb of William Marshall in 1245, and scores of other incidents in the career of Bishop Grossteste and Richard of Cornwall, were evidently inspired by, and can only have come from, eyewitnesses of the events recorded. Nevertheless Matthew, though he was willing enough to receive information, and to utilize facts and documents, was by no means the man to reproduce them exactly in the form in which they came to him. More than once he ventured to remonstrate with the king, and very much

oftener than once he expresses his opinion of him in no measured terms. Some of the severest censures he had marked for omission, and some expressions he modified considerably, for we have the good fortune to possess his chronicle both in an earlier and in a later form; but even though the fuller and more outspoken record had perished, we should still have had enough proof to make it clear that we have in Matthew Paris an instance of a born historian, one who never consented to be a mere advocate, taking a side and seeing only half the truth of anything; but a man gifted with the judicial faculty, that precious gift without which a man may be anything you please — a rhetorician, a special pleader, a picturesque writer, a laborious collector of facts; but an historian, never. And yet Matthew Paris was a magnificent hater, with a fund of indignant scorn and righteous anger which never fails him upon occasion. Friend of king and nobles as he was, he will not spare his words of wrathful censure upon the tyrant, or upon any that he held deserving of rebuke for cruelty, oppression, and avarice. When he has to lay the lash on such as had proved themselves enemies to his much-loved abbey, or who had wronged and defrauded it, he is well-nigh as fierce as Dante. He singles them out — the doomed wretches — and holds them, as it were, over the fire of hell before he drops them down into the burning flame.

Did Ralph Cheinduit, that blustering, burly knight, cry aloud, "A fig for St. Alban and his monks! Since they excommunicated me — look you! I have only increased in girth, behold me fat and jolly, in faith almost too big for my saddle. A fig for them all!" Did he say so, the impious wretch? Be it known that from that very day Sir Knight began to shrink and waste and pine, and if he had not repented and been absolved in time, he had gone down to the bottomless pit with never a hope of deliverance.

Did not Sir Adam Fitz William show the evil spirit that was in him when he sided against us time and again? And now, look to his awful end! Gorged with meat and drink one night, he sprawled upon his bed *indigestus*, as you may say, and he never woke more. Ay! and he died intestate too. And as though that was not bad enough, his wife too died, straightway, like another Sapphira slain by the shock of the tidings. And then there was Alan de Beccles, too, always notorious for setting himself against us

and our house, he too perished as the other did, for he loved choice dainties overmuch, and he dined late, and he ate as none should eat, and when he could eat no more, suddenly his speech failed him, and his veins burst, smitten with an apoplexy. And many another, whom it would take too long to name, following his evil course, and being persecutors of holy Alban's Church, perished forever by God's vengeance.

It is no longer the fashion now to denounce the pope and his myrmidons, but if the rage of Exeter Hall should ever recur, and the orators of the old platform should revive a taste for anti-papal agitation, they might find in Matthew Paris as rich a repertory of testimonies against Roman aggression and greed as the most rabid Irish Protestant could desire. "O thou Pope," he bursts out once, "thou the father of all the fathers in Christ, how is it that thou sufferest the realms of Christendom to be fouled by such creatures as are thine?" The "creatures" were the papal legates and nuncios and all their belongings, who were plundering England without shame. "Harpies they were and bloodsuckers," says Matthew, "mere plunderers, skinning the sheep, not shearing them only." Then there were the king's justiciars — justice — nay, with that they had nothing to do. Why tell of their unrighteous deeds? he asks. "Better forbear from vainly writing about the *wrongers*, and return to the story of the wronged."

Of course the friars come in for their share of strong words — chiefly because the pope made use of them so vilely, and not less because they set themselves above their betters — us, to wit — monks of the old houses.

They started with such fair professions, they were going to be so very poor, and so very unworldly, and were going to supplement our work and interfere with nobody, and give us all a helping hand. Look at them now! [says Matthew]; they march through the streets in pompous array with banners flaunting in the sun and waxen tapers, and rich burghers in holiday garments joining in the long train, and if they have no land they have money, good store, and as for their churches, they are eclipsing us all. Their invasion of our territory is a dreadful scandal, and they sneer at us and at all other religious men and women, and they flout the parish priests and call them humdrums, and schism is at work horribly, and the people are running away from the old guides, and there is no end to them. Actually in the year of grace 1257 [he says] a new order of these fellows turned up

in London. Friars of the sack, forsooth, because they were clothed in sackcloth! Of course they came armed with a papal license as usual. What did these fellows come for? Was it to make confusion worse confounded? Alas! alas! If we had only been as we were in the golden age, these friars would never have had a chance — not they! We too are not as the monks of old were; they lived the guileless life — austere, hard, self-denying, saintly! What are we in comparison with them?

Did not we find the bones of our brethren there, hard by the High Altar, when we were beautifying the same? O ye degenerate sons of this degenerate age! Two centuries ago and our monks were men of faith and prayer. In the year of grace one thousand two hundred and fifty-one, we found more than thirty of them buried together, and their bones were lying there, white and sweet, redolent with the odor of sanctity every one; each man had been buried as he died, in his monastic habit, and his shoes upon his feet too. Aye, and *such* shoes — shoes made for wear and not for wantonness. The soles of these shoes were sound and strong, they might have served the purpose for poor men's naked feet even now, after centuries of lying in the grave. Blush ye! ye with your buckles, and your pointed toes, and your fiddle faddle. These shoes upon the holy feet that we dug up were as round at the toe as at the heel, and the latches were all of one piece with the uppers. No rosettes in those days, if you please! They fastened their shoes with a thong, and they wound that thong round their blessed ankles, and they cared not in those holy days whether their shoes were a *pair*. Left foot and right foot each was as the other: and we, when we gazed at the holy relics — we bowed our heads at the edifying sight, and we were dumbfounded, even to awe, as we swung our censers over the sacred graves of the ages past!

The anecdotes and out-of-the-way pieces of information in the "*Chronica Majora*," which may be said to represent the paragraphs of modern journalism, are countless. Brother Matthew enlivens his history with these cross-lights at every page, and what gives to these scraps an added charm is that Matthew himself seems to be always with us when he prattles on. Not even Herodotus has succeeded more entirely in impressing his quaint personality upon his narrative. It is always something which he has seen, or heard from some living man who saw it with his own eyes.

There was my friend John of Basingstoke, had studied at Paris, and a wonder of learning he was, but he told me himself that his best teacher by far was the young lady Constantina, daughter of an archbishop she. Archbishop of Athens, too — archbishops may marry out there! Before she was twenty she knew all

that men may know; she was worth two universities of Paris any day; she foretold the coming of plagues and storms, and eclipses — and — more wonderful still — the coming of earthquakes too: and John of Basingstoke was her scholar, and whatever he knew that was deep and rare, he learnt it of the lady Constantina, the Archbishop's daughter.

Matthew is very great when he has to tell of omens and portents: —

We were scurvily treated by Pope Innocent III. [he says] in the days of Abbot John. Spite of all our privileges and indulgences, the Pope would have him come to Rome every third year; a sore burden and harm to us all. Forthwith evil omens came. Thrice in three years was our tower struck by lightning. After that wrong of his Holiness it was no wonder that the impression of the papal seal in wax, which we had taken good care to fix on the top of the steeple, availed not to keep off the thunderbolt — small good you see in that kind of thing.

Besides the miscellaneous paragraphs, there are periodical reports of the weather, and the storms, and the droughts, and the harvests. Moreover, there are what answer to our police reports, and details of criminal proceedings against Jew and Gentile, and births and deaths and marriages, and now and then brief notes upon the state of the markets, and sometimes hints and reflections upon the desirability of certain reforms in Church and State; and all this not in the spirit of modern journalism, which at its best too often bears the marks of haste, and betrays the literary soldier of fortune paid for his work at so much a column, but genuine, hearty, throbbing with a certain passionate loyalty to a tradition, or an idea which you may say is exploded, grotesque, or fanciful, but which in the thirteenth century honest men and devout ones lived by and lived for, and were trying in their own way to carry out into action.

But now that we have got this precious "Chronicle," not to mention other works in the composition of which Brother Matthew had at least a large share — though our space forbids us dwelling upon them or their contents, and we must refer our readers to Dr. Luard's elaborate prefaces if they would desire to know all about them — another question suggests itself, which sooner or later will become a pressing question, What are we going to do with such a national work of which this country has great reason to be proud?

The days are gone by when a man was supposed to be educated in proportion as he was familiar with the literature of

Greece and Rome and ignorant of everything else. Already at Oxford candidates for the highest honors in the final schools think it no shame to read their Plato or their Aristotle in English translations, and in half the time that was needed under the old plan they get a mastery of their Thucydides or Herodotus, devoting themselves to the subject matter after they have proved at "moderations" that they have a respectable acquaintance with the language of the authors.

May the day be far off when Homer and Æschylus shall cease to be read in the original! The great writers of Hellas and Italy were poets or orators, great teachers or great thinkers; but they were something more. They were perfect instrumentalists too. Their thoughts, their lessons, their aspirations, their regrets, you may interpret and transfer into the speech and the idioms of the moderns; but the music of their language, the subtleties of melody and rhythm, and harmony and tone, can no more be translated than a symphony for the strings can be adequately represented upon the organ. You may persuade yourself that you have got the substance; you have missed the perfection of the form. Yet who but a narrow pedant will insist that the study of any literature, ancient or modern, is valuable chiefly for familiarizing us with the language, not for enriching our minds with the subject matter? Do we desire to understand the past and so to be better able to estimate the importance of great movements that are going on in the present, or by the help of the experience of bygone ages to forecast the future? Then it behoves us to see that our induction shall be made from as wide a view as may be, and to avail ourselves of any light that may be gained. But it is mere waste of time to be forever staring at the lamp which may be pretty to look at in itself, but is then most precious when it serves as a means to an end. If we are ever to construct a science of history, the old methods must give place to something which may approximate to philosophic enquiry. When we come to think of it, how very small an area of time or space is covered by the historians of Greece and Rome; how small an area and how superficially dealt with! Even Thucydides hardly ventures to lift the veil which separates the civilization of his own age from that of an earlier period; he lifts it for a moment, then drops the curtain and passes on. It is true indeed that Herodotus introduces us to a world that is not

Hellenic, and brings us into some sort of relation with men whose habits and art and religion had a character of their own; but then these nations were not as we, and not as men even of our race could ever become. We never seem to be in touch with Egypt or Assyria, and when he prattles on about these nations it is less as a historian than as an observant traveller that Herodotus delights and allures. Xenophon's passing notices of the manners and education, of the feudalism and the social life of the Medes, are too brief to be anything but tantalizing; but the neglect of Xenophon by professed students is not creditable, however significant. Perhaps of all the Greek writers Polybius was the man who had the truest conception of the historian's vocation; perhaps, too, it was just because he was so much before his age that his voluminous and ambitious work has come down to us little more than a fragment. Because he was something better than a compiler of annals, they who read history only to be amused found him dull, and the moderns have not yet reversed the verdict which was passed upon him. Who ever heard of a candidate for honors taking Polybius into the schools?

It is from the Latin historians that we might have expected so much and from whom we get so little. What do they tell us of ancient Spain — the Spain that Sertorius pretended he was going to regenerate, and whose civilization, literature, and national life he did so much to extinguish? If it were not for what Aristotle has told us in the "Politics," what should we know of that mighty commercial republic which monopolized the carrying trade of the old world? It never seems to have occurred to Livy that the political organization of Carthage could be worth his notice. His business was to glorify Rome, and to tell how Rome grew to greatness — grew by war and conquest and pillage, and the ferocious might of her relentless soldiery. The "Germania" of Tacitus stands alone — unique in ancient literature; but what would we not give for such a monograph upon the Britain which Cæsar attempted to conquer, or the Gaul which he plundered and devastated? The great captain's famous missive might be inscribed as the motto of his "Commentaries." *Veni! vidi! vici!* sums up in brief the substance of what they contain. It was always Rome's way. Rome swept a sponge that was soaked in blood over all the past of the nations she subdued. She came to obliterate, never

to preserve. Her chroniclers disdained to ask how these or those doughty antagonists had grown formidable, how their national life had developed; whether their progress had been arrested by the conquerors or whether they had become weak and enervated by social deterioration or moral corruption. Enough that they were barbarians.

The science of history can be but little advanced by writers such as these, who pass from battlefield to battlefield —

Crimson-footed, like the stork,  
Through great ruts of slaughter;

and to whom the silent growth of institutions and the evolution of ethical sentiments and the development of the arts of peace were matters which never presented themselves as worthy of their attention. You may call this history if you will, in truth it is little better than empiricism. The world is a larger world than Rome or Athens dreamt of, and students of history are beginning to realize that not quite the last thing they have to do is "to look at home." Such a work as the "Chronica Majora" of Matthew Paris is a national heritage which it is shameful to allow much longer to be known only by the curious and erudite. Now that there is no excuse for our neglect, is it too much to hope that the day may not be far distant when the name of this great Englishman may become as familiar to schoolboys as that of Sallust or Livy, of Cornelius Nepos or Cæsar — his name as familiar, and his writings better known and more loved?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ZIT AND XOË:  
THEIR EARLY EXPERIENCES.

#### CHAPTER I.

"WRETCHED little beast!" cried my mother, as she angrily twisted her tail round the stoutest branch she could find, and swung herself up into a bushy banian-tree.

I stood below weeping bitterly — stood, I say, because I could do nothing else. I had never been able to walk on all-fours like the others. I could not dart from tree to tree, from branch to branch, like the very smallest of my brothers and sisters.

In these few words I have described the loneliness and desolation of my childhood. I was, alas! tailless and hairless! I could not even chatter!

I knew, none so well, what the family were always saying. But not even that mild-eyed, grey-haired, old maiden aunt of mine, who, when my mother cast me out to die, had brought me up by hand—on almond-nuts—not even she really understood a single word I said. As to my father, when I made my first appearance in this world, he gave my mother the soundest thrashing she had ever had, poor creature; and since then I had, as a kind of family fiction, been carefully huddled away out of his sight. You may imagine what a life I led.

Our schoolroom was at the top of a peculiarly tall deodar-tree, and though I got up earlier in the morning than any of the rest, I was nearly always late for lessons. The road to school was so steep and knobby that I hated it. My eldest sister detested me more thoroughly, I am sure, than she did any of the others. She was our governess. She generally finished the morning's work by saying, "Now, children, we will swing by the tail for five minutes;" and the whole family swung around me shrieking with laughter, while I crouched and shivered, sad and silent, as the tree swayed to and fro.

I knew, of course, even then, that I was immeasurably better and cleverer than any of the rest. And just before sleeping, and just before really awaking, the consciousness of this superiority became a positive comfort. I would, I thought, confound them for their unkindness by-and-by. I would do great things for them all—so great that they would be tempted to pluck out their own hairs and bite off each other's tails to be anything like me. And then I would say to them grandly, "You remember how you treated me, and you see how I have forgotten all that!" These were my dreams between sleeping and waking. But with the daylight my dreams abruptly vanished.

One morning, after I had been thinking and dreaming and scheming all night long, I got up with a fixed intent look in my eyes which, I heard them say afterwards, they had never seen there before. I crept away without breakfast. I gathered together as many long, green tendrils as I could find, and twisted them into a strong rope. While the family were busy at their lessons I walked straight up to the very highest point of a huge overhanging king cocoanut-tree, and there I fixed the two ends of my rope. I swung to and fro, higher and higher, until I was actually on a level with the schoolroom. I showed them what a boy without a tail was able to

accomplish if he liked, and the whole family could not, for the life of them, help gibbering at me in admiration and astonishment. No one scolded me for being away without leave. At luncheon they talked of nothing else. After lunch I mounted my swing again to show how it was done. My baby brother, whose absence unluckily escaped me, had half bitten through the ropes where they were fastened to the tree-top, and there was a wild chorus of delight when I fell out fifty feet off and broke my arm.

When I recovered I kept my inventions and dreams to myself. But I could not altogether conceal the remarkable ease with which I was able to imitate the sweetest melodies of all the singing birds around us. I could not, it is true, speak one word of the family jargon, nor, to be candid, did I ever really try. But in the balmy summer nights, when the full moon was shining and quivering in a million, broken stars on the black river, leaping down the falls just below our home, I would steal away for hours, and I would stand there, stock and still, repeating the songs of one bulbul after another. When I had silenced them all I would return home, maddened with their melodies, singing sweetly to myself as twenty full-throated bulbuls sing, and forgetful of all else in the world until I felt my mother slapping me soundly.

This, barring the slapping perhaps, went on for seventeen years, and I was then, if that be possible, more cordially detested than when I first, and most reluctantly, joined the family circle.

The crisis was at hand. The family used sometimes to spend a long summer holiday beside the pool below the falls. They would sit there on the overhanging branches, among the great orchids, violet and crimson, purple and pink, with their tails dangling in the water. Suddenly an unsuspecting but very succulent mussel would make a snatch at one of the tails, and, before he could open his pearly mouth again, he was jerked off the rocks, split asunder, and swallowed with a smack of intense satisfaction.

"I have had two dozen," one would say. "I have had three dozen," cried another. And it was to me they always said this. I could sing like a bulbul, it is true; but I was tailless and could not catch mussels; and I had up to that time, so far as I can remember, never once smacked my lips.

I brooded over this injustice till another of my inspirations came to me. I stole



down to the river by twilight. I shut my mouth with a snap and plunged in. It was neck or nothing. I found, as I thought, that I could swim like a fish. All the mussels in the river were now my own, and not the mussels only. In an incredible short space of time I was able to catch any of the glittering little fishes that darted to and fro. I was ready now, and only awaited my chance.

The very next time the family talked of a day by the river I pretended to shirk it, so as to ensure being taken. "You greedy, sulky sneak," said my sister, "it is only because you are too stupid to catch mussels that you try to spoil our pleasure." I waited till they were sitting in a row with all their tails in the water. Then I jumped in. You ought to have seen their eyes. I ate every mussel that tried to get hold of a tail. I gobbled up a good-sized trout right under the very branch they sat upon, and when they shrieked for some of it I made the most awful faces I could think of. Nothing, I knew, upset the family so much as to imitate their own grimaces; and the faces I pulled were so horrible, that at last three of them tumbled into the water with a howl. They could not swim; not a bit of it. Two of them went down, down, down with a flop; and even now I am not sorry they never came up again. My eldest sister would have been drowned too, but for the unexpected and most unfortunate appearance of my mother on the scene. With one swoop of the tail she fished her darling out of the jaws of death. Then she turned to me and said quietly, "I shall send for your father at once."

Of course I knew what that meant. He was found sound asleep, comfortably curled up under a big toddy-tree, where he had latterly spent most of his time. And nothing, by the way, will ever now persuade me that he had not discovered the secret I thought I discovered many years afterwards—that the juice of the toddy-palm ferments after sunrise, and is then perhaps the most delicious drink in the world. I will, however, do him the credit of keeping his secret to himself. He came down slowly, in a towering passion at having been disturbed by such a trifling occurrence as the drowning of two small children.

"You little nuisance," he said to me sternly—for my mother, who was really to blame, had a sharpish tongue of her own—"how dare you disturb my repose?"

I shook my head, and said as plainly as

if I could speak that I had done nothing of the kind.

"You have done nothing else," he cried, "since you first came into the world. I never look at you without a shudder. A tailless, hairless, miserable brat, you have covered me with shame among our neighbors; and yet, forsooth, you are far too fine to go our ways. You can twitter like a bulbul and hoot like an owl, and you have no time to learn our simple language. You make use of your thumbs in a way that is peculiarly exasperating to us all, and you twirl them about on every conceivable occasion. Have you ever in your life done anything for the family credit or the family larder? Last winter when the boys came scampering back nightly with their pouches filled from the neighbors' stores, you went strutting about at home on your hind legs, as if your fore legs were far too precious for daily use. You spend hours, your mother tells me, admiring your personal deformities in the very pool in which two of your brothers now lie drowned by your machinations. You made faces at them, she says, until life was perfectly intolerable; and, judging by the turn you always give me at your best, I am sure I do not wonder at it. I can bear a good deal myself. But I will not sit still and see my family decimated. You must leave us, my boy. There is a great, rich world beyond our narrow limits, waiting apparently for you to conquer it. Perhaps you may succeed, perhaps not." Here my father sneezed, and his voice faltered strangely: "You surely see that your absence is desirable. In calmer moments—especially as there will be no one there to contradict you—you will, I am convinced, be the first to acknowledge that the greatest happiness of the greatest number necessitates your immediate departure. Now go!"

My eyes filled with tears. I was very nearly making a fool of myself. These were the first kind words I had heard since my poor aunt's death. They were rudely interrupted by a well-directed shower of cocoanuts. I was utterly disconcerted and very much bruised. For the first and the last time but one in my life I turned and ran.

#### CHAPTER II.

I RAN on, horror-stricken, as fast as ever I could for hours together. My feet were soon as sore as my heart. The river was my only friend—a last link, as it were, between the known and the unknown—and I never dreamt of quitting



its downward course. The night was pitch-dark almost when I first really drew breath. Then, utterly worn out, I threw myself upon a moss-covered boulder, and, still tremulous, panting and shivering, I tried to think. My past had vanished as suddenly and as irrevocably as a rainbow's. I lay there, beneath that moonless sky, more thoroughly alone than any one had ever felt before.

I knew, not only from a fierce burning sense of my little world's injustice, but from the abruptness of the rugged descent, that I could not possibly return. My feet were torn and bleeding. I was sorely bruised. Every muscle in my body was strained and every bone ached. I had, as I lay still, a horrible suspicion that I could not even go forward. The black river slipped by, almost unseen, but terribly eloquent, so it seemed to me, with the eloquence of mockery: "No past and no future; no future and no past!" such was my lullaby. And then I think I must have fallen into a kind of deathlike swoon.

The very next thing I remember after the river's cruel refrain was the chill breath of dawn beating on my burning brow. The sky, as I opened my eyes, was all pearl and opal. The morning sun was peeping shyly over the farther bank into the broad breast of the cool, blue river down below. The birds from a thousand boughs were singing with a thrilling sweetness I had never heard before. The air, as I breathed it, was full of perfumes, fresh and piquant, quaint and barbarous, that told of dew-wet flowers, all gorgeous and unknown. I started as if new blood were coursing through my veins. I yawned, and, stretching out my arms, I struck with both my hands a heavy bough overhead. In an instant the ground was thick with custard-apples. The rich, cream-colored pulp was bursting through the rugged seams of their green jackets. I picked one up mechanically, as boys will, to pitch it into the water below. But the smell was so luscious that I put it to my lips instead. And then, in the midst of this silence, solemn and supreme, I shouted a very song of triumph. Why, forsooth, should I care for the past with these groves of custard-apple trees around me! I ate the first fruit very slowly, as if some mystery were at stake. Then I ate another, and another, and another. I might have thought that I had gorged myself, but that when I could eat no more my misery seemed to vanish as if by magic. Never will that morning be

forgotten. But so it has been indeed throughout the course of a long and checkered life. My most eventful moments are remembered by me now in connection with some striking perfume, some sudden burst of low and unexpected music, some strange taste or some peculiar color.

I had breakfasted heartily, and after lying on the thick, soft turf for a while, basking in the sun, I arose, not without an effort, and plunged into the cool, translucent river for a good five minutes. Then shaking off the silvery drops, I started again upon my downward journey as if the whole of this new, luxuriant world were all my own.

And so in truth it was, though I could scarcely realize my supremacy at once. I had left the secluded hills of my childhood, and the rocks that hemmed them in, and their thundering waterfalls behind. I stood there, solitary as no one ever had been, at the mercy of the present and the future, unarmed and innocent and naked. But in front, on both banks of the broad, lazy river, far further than my eager eyes could see, lay a dense, interminable forest. Palms and pines, deodars and cedars, fought for existence and breathing-space with the mango and pomegranate trees, the aloes and acacias, the rhododendrons and tree ferns. These struck my fancy first with their extraordinary exuberance. But the undergrowth was in reality still more perplexing as I forced my way through the stems of the tall, rank grass, turning aside only where the cactus, beneath all its delicate and fragile flowers, had thrown up an impenetrable barrier. Just above me, as I walked, hung purple figs, and clusters of white grapes, and oranges, and huge lemons, green and golden. Every now and again, when the wind stirred, a pommelo, large as my head at least, fell heavily at my feet. And amidst their broad, bright, upright leaves nestled bunches of plantains, yellow, green, and red. Here and there clumps of huge bamboos thrust aside the rest to force their own way towards heaven, and grasslike, bright and light and graceful as they were, still dwarfed the tallest of the forest giants. On the spreading branches overhead doves bigger than turkeys cooed out their love tales in the deepest of melodious basses. Butterflies with fanlike wings floated lazily round flowers and blossoms as brilliant and as many-colored as themselves. Elephants, thrice as large as they are now, with tusks like sickles, and bristling manes from head to tail, went roaring and crashing through the

forest. Shapeless beasts, almost as monstrous, sat like tripods on their hind quarters and ponderous tails, tearing down the tall trees by the roots to feed upon the succulent shoots and sweet leaves of the higher branches. And when some great tree fell to the ground with a crash that thundered and reverberated along, the hippopotamus lifted his lazy head out of the pool, the crocodile slunk from the mud, and creatures, half bats, half lizards, awoke for a moment, and bore their wailing brooding on from one tree to another. Herds of startled horses went whinnying by. Four-horned stags, the size of elephants, browsing on the young shoots of the sugarcane, stopped for an instant to listen, and then looked wistfully upwards at the asparagus plants towering far above them. Lizards, thirty or forty feet long, lying coiled up in the rare, sunny places of this dense, overgrown, green forest, half uncurled; and the roar of the dying tiger in the grasp of some gigantic python was suddenly louder than the slow crunching of his ribs. Of this vast forest, of this intense and monstrous vitality, I, the outcast and the fugitive of twelve hours ago, was lord and master.

I shall never forget the exciting pleasures of this first day's experience. I felt that I was gradually losing the nervousness with which I had started, and the further I walked the more erect became my bearing, the more assured my steps. The huge beasts which crossed the tangled pathways fled hastily as their eyes met mine. And when, out of the fulness of my heart, I raised my voice in song, I cleared all the forest before me of its terrible but timorous denizens. Now and again a surly bullfrog would stupidly jostle me as I passed by, or an inquisitive squirrel run out to give me greeting. At first these little attentions were not unacceptable. But when they had palled, I was glad to find that a bunch of prickly cactus was an admirable instrument for the expression of satiety. It was, however, so singularly disagreeable to handle, that at last I looked around me for something easier. I saw a stout, straight bough on one of the trees. Seizing it with both my hands I tore it off, and fell backwards into a heap of sharp, broken flints. These nasty things cut me so severely that I was happily prompted to try if they would not cut something tougher. With one of them I trimmed my bough. I gave it, in the first place, a point, quite sharp enough to free me from the attentions of inquisitive squirrels and surly bullfrogs.

Then, as time hung a trifle heavily on my hands, I whittled away with one of the sharpest flints as I walked. I was probably more strongly possessed then than I am now with the spirit of imitation. At any rate, before my day's journey was over I had covered a good part of my staff with lifelike carvings of the various beasts that passed me by. It was a useful weapon, the first thing I ever called my own. Sometimes I think I should have kept it in memory of that most eventful day. But I did nothing of the kind. I threw it away directly I got a better one.

At night with grass and leaves and moss I made a cosy nest in the fork of a big tree. But before my bed was fairly finished I fell fast asleep, and I slept as you only can sleep when you are thoroughly tired out and most completely self-satisfied. The murmuring river told a different story now, and I slumbered through a strange panorama of fantastic and triumphant dreams.

I got up very early. There was so much to see and so much to taste! But before long I knew the flavor of every fruit that grew, and the peculiar taste of all the beautiful eggs with which the bushes and the rank grass were teeming. The fish in the river, too, became day by day more plentiful, more varied, and more toothsome. I had quite lost all sense of timidity or shyness. But the great beasts, though they feared me, still showed no sign of friendliness. I had won all I used to long for, supremacy, and peace from wrong and jealousy and opposition. But by degrees I felt an increasing and unconquerable sense of loneliness, and an utter distaste for my very unsympathetic surroundings. In the nights I sometimes almost yearned for the rocks and the green valley and the rushing river of long ago. But when each morning came, impelled as if by fate, I stormed on ever ahead. One day, how well I remember it, the river ended abruptly in a bed of golden sand, and a low, resonant roar, as if all the world were whispering elsewhere, burst upon my ears. Before me, in almost unruffled beauty, lay the boundless sea, blue as the blue sky above, but deeper, tinged to the further edge with the glowing colors of the morning sun, while, laughing and splashing and sparkling just beneath my feet, its white spray glistened like rainbows. Infinity itself seemed to be lying before me bare and beautiful. I had never in my many months' journeyings come across anything so exquisitely lovely. For a moment, as I gazed, my heart almost

stopped — but for a moment only. Behind me on the sands I heard a hasty, hurrying tread, a sound, a rustle — I could tell no more. Without a thought of what would follow, I turned away from the fascinating splendor of this strange and sunlit ocean.

Rushing towards me, as if borne on the wings of the wind, I saw another and a lovely me. I ran forward madly, throwing up my arms and crying — the blue sea and the yellow sands alone knew what I cried — but crying out, as I remember, in one moment of time all the longing and significance of my life. The beautiful apparition, nearer and now nearer, stopped dead in front of me at last, with clasped hands and tearlit eyes, and in a voice, the lowest and sweetest ever heard, murmured softly, "It speaks!"

#### CHAPTER III.

"WHAT is your name?" she asked shyly.

I could distinctly hear my heart throb when she stopped speaking, but I answered quickly, "I am sure I don't know, and I don't know what you mean. But how beautiful you are! How like me, and how unlike; how graceful and how soft! I seem to have known you all my life, and to have seen you nightly in all my dreams. Your eyes are pure and blue. Your lips when you smile, as you did for a little while at first, are far redder than the sweetest roses. I never saw anything like the way your color comes and goes. And why are you so fair, and why is your hair so long and golden, and why are your hands so white and tiny?" And quite unconsciously I tried to take one of her hands in mine.

She drew herself up, and her blue eyes had a strange, reproachful look. "I am certain," she said very slowly, "that it is not right of you to speak like that. And you really talk so quickly that I cannot follow half of what you say."

"You would talk quickly too," I retorted, "if you were talking for the first time in your life."

"So I am," she said quietly. "But surely that is no reason for saying silly things. Instead of teasing me in that way, you should have answered my question and told me your name."

"How could I," I pleaded, "when I did not even know what you meant? I have never heard of such a thing as a name."

"Well," she said, smiling once more, "you must really be more stupid than you look. Yes," she added, half hesitating

for a moment, with her blue eyes peeping timidly, and yet very earnestly, from beneath their long silken lashes. Then suddenly making up her mind, "Yes! I shall call you Zit" (I was too much astonished to ask why), "and you shall call me Xoe."

"Xoe, Xoe, Xoe! It is soft and beautiful, and very like you. But who gave you that name?" I asked, profoundly perplexed.

"I gave it to myself, Zit, long ago, and if you want things here you will have to give them to yourself, I can tell; and it is about time you began. Why don't you give yourself some clothes like mine? You would feel much more comfortable, and you would really look ever so much nicer. And you might give yourself a horse too, instead of trudging about the world with a big stick."

Xoe was not speaking at all crossly now, but she made me feel intensely foolish. I had nothing to say in reply. I had been watching her eyes and her lips so eagerly that I had never noticed that she was sitting all this time upon the back of a beautiful white horse, and that she was robed almost from head to foot in some soft, whitey-yellow, fleecy stuff. Both her round arms were bare, and one shoulder quite free. She had a broad girdle of plaited golden grass about her waist, and bunches of great yellow lilies on her breast and in her hair. I always think of Xoe as I saw her then, lithesome, free, and beautiful, in this flowing, clinging garment, with one little hand caressing and restraining her fiery steed, with her drooping eyes and faint smile and fleeting blushes.

"It is rude," she said, breaking a pause that was fast becoming awkward — "it is rude for people to stare like that; and it is not very pleasant of you, Zit, to be sulky and silent so soon."

"I cannot help it. Everything is so queer and new and strange. But tell me one thing," I said, touching her robe, "is this really your own skin?"

"You silly boy," she answered, "of course it is not."

"Oh, I am so glad!" I cried. "It is very nice and very soft and very pretty, and all that, but it does not look nearly so nice and soft and pretty as your arms and shoulders do."

"Stop, please stop," she said. "It is wrong, I know it must be wrong, to talk like that. But perhaps it is my own fault for keeping you here so long, forgetting how hungry and tired you must be. It is

quite time to see about dinner. Come on, Zit"—and she gave my arm a gentle touch that sent the blood flying through my veins—"you can hold on to his mane as I ride, and we will chat as we go."

We walked on like this for half an hour or so. I told her something of my story; she told me something of hers. She was younger than I, but had travelled further and longer. In most things her story was much the same as mine. In some it was very different; but her secrets, when I came to learn them later on, I solemnly pledged myself never to divulge. She had, however, wandered down from her hills on the banks of the other river, which fell into mine at the Watersmeet, three or four days' journey from this. The beasts seem to have been friendlier to her than they ever had been to me. She had, at all events, a womanly way of saying, "Oh, there's nothing in that"—and this, I am glad to say, she has retained—which made what looked the most extraordinary things in the world seem the most natural.

As to her horse, whose obedience to her slightest wishes had, I own, startled me at first, nothing could be easier than her explanation. He had run up to her one day, as a herd of wild horses went careering by. She happened to be eating an apple at the time. He put his head softly into her hand, asking for some, and in this way she made a pet of him, and he followed her wherever she went. One day when she was walking, just as I was then, with her arm holding on to his mane, she stumbled and sprained her ankle. Next morning the horse stopped exactly beneath the mossy rock she had stepped on, and stood there, good beast, preventing her descent altogether. So she jumped lightly upon him, trying to slip by. But he started off suddenly, neighing with delight, and so it was she learned to ride. At first he did not always know which way she wanted him to go, and this was awkward. So she made him a silken bridle with a bit of hard wood, and later on she gave him a deerskin as a saddle-cloth.

Her dress, wonderful as I thought it, was a simpler matter still. It was all made out of the great cocoons of tussar silk I had often noticed clinging to the mulberry-trees in the valley. She had hidden herself for days to watch the big spiders make their webs, until she had learned their secret.

Everything was so readily explained, that by the time she finished speaking I thought I could never believe in the supernatural again. But this only shows

what an utter simpleton I was. I had kept on looking back at her as we walked. I could not help it, not even in the roughest part of a narrow gorge or pass almost blocked up with rocky boulders; and when she pulled her horse up on his haunches, we were on the very point of falling, as I thought, into a heap of living lightning. She was laughing gaily now, and I certainly was most wofully disconcerted.

"Here, hold my horse!" she cried, jumping lightly off, and leaving me in full charge of a prancing steed, curveting madly around a heap of living lightning, which might go off into a thunderclap at any moment. I held on with all my might. I only just managed to restrain him. She stood watching for a minute or so with a soft little silvery laugh. Then taking the reins lightly from me she gave him a pat or two on the neck, and he was as quiet as a lamb.

"That's not lightning," said Xoe, "and I rode straight up to see how you would stand it. It is fire, Zit. Anybody can make it, if they know how, with two old pieces of dry stick. It is by far the most wonderful thing in the world though. It has changed my life completely. It turns night into day, and frightens all those horrible big beasts off when I sleep. When I am wet or cold it warms me through, and it is always a companion. But wait till dinner-time, and you will see how much nicer everything tastes when it has passed through the fire and been cooked."

"What a wonderfully clever creature you are, Xoe!" I cried enthusiastically; "and what a lot of extraordinary new things you have found out!"

"Well, you certainly don't seem to know much, Zit. But you must never pay compliments, please. Good heavens!" she cried, "I knew the boy would burn his fingers if he could. Put it down directly, sir, and help me to get dinner ready. There is nothing in the larder just now, for I was altering my gown all yesterday. But you might pick half-a-dozen bread-fruit from the tree over there, and I will put them down to bake as a beginning."

I did of course as I was bidden, and while I was engaged in this easy fashion I looked about me. Xoe had chosen a most delightful and picturesque little eyrie for her home. Right across the top of the graceful palm-trees the blue sea died away in the distance, but we were far above the stifling atmosphere of the dense forest. Below us the river flowed very slowly—knowing the end was near—

winding in and about a steep precipice of black rocks. I carried the breadfruit to Xoe, and got a pleasant little scolding for having been so long in gathering them.

"It was silly of me to waste all my time yesterday. Do you think," she asked dubiously — "do you think, Zit, you can tickle a trout? When I want fish I go down to the river. I put my arm and hand in. If a trout happens to be lying under a stone I touch him gently with my fingers. He generally seems to like it, and then I catch him and eat him. Horrible, isn't it?" she continued, with the prattiest shiver imaginable.

"I will try," I replied. I ran off to the pile of black rocks I had noticed before. The river lay sixty or seventy feet below. Flashing through the deep, black pool I saw the very fish we wanted. With both hands meeting in front to cleave the way, I jumped off. I caught the fish. I was some little time climbing the steep rock again. When I got there I found Xoe to my astonishment leaning over and weeping, as if her heart were broken.

"I thought you would be pleased," I began —

"Oh, you horrible, wretched creature," she cried, "to jump off like that! I had only just found you, and I thought I had found you for always. I will never forgive you, never; and now, now you are laughing. And I was certain you had killed yourself, because I had been proud and cruel, and told you I did not like to be praised. No one had ever praised me before; and you knew that; and you knew that I quite hated you for stopping short when I told you to. But what did you care? You were paying me off for the lightning, I suppose. How mean that was, when I was thinking how brave you really were to touch the fire, when I could not go near it without shuddering for weeks after I had found out how to make it! And when you were glowering at me like anything I was admiring the carvings on your stick all the time. I thought much more of you than you ever thought of me, and this is the return you make!"

Here Xoe broke into a fresh paroxysm of sobs, and though she waved me off imperiously, I lifted her tenderly in my arms, and bore her away from the cliff altogether, and did everything I could think of to quiet her. She stopped scolding suddenly, her eyes full of tears.

"It was very brave of you, Zit," she said, still half gasping for breath; "and how tremendously strong you must be! You said I was clever. But you can do

things I cannot even dare to look at. Oh, what a beautiful trout! It will be splendid to have some one to kill things for me. I hate killing things myself. One has to do it," she added, "but I am sure it is not right."

By this time Xoe was quite herself again, and I ventured to speak.

"You are always saying, Xoe, this is right, and that is wrong. What is right and what is wrong?"

"It is very hard to tell," she answered thoughtfully, "and I think I must keep that department in my own hands. But here is our trout on the grass. Let us cook it."

To my astonishment she told me to dig a grave for the trout to begin with. Aided by a long slip of broken slate, I did this rather more expeditiously than she expected; but still I found her share of the work all ready, in the shape of a dozen red-hot stones from the fire. She bade me put six hot stones at the bottom of the hole I had dug, and then a thick layer of sweet-scented leaves. Upon this I laid the trout; then, grumbling a little about all this unnecessary trouble for a fish that looked very good as it was, I placed another thick layer of fragrant leaves and the other six red-hot stones on the top, and I put as much of the earth in again as I could. I was stamping away most vigorously, when she stopped me.

"We are all right for the fish," she said. "I can look after that now; and I will arrange the dessert and the flowers. But you are so big and look so hungry, you must have something more substantial. Please do not glare at me, Zit, as if I were a cormorant or a dreadful epicure. Had I not met you to-day, I should have supped off toasted plantains. But I want to show you I am a little bit sorry, and that I am a very good cook. You see, that herd of deer over there?" she continued. "They are browsing close to a deep pitfall I discovered by the oddest chance in the world. I call it my larder. I always keep it covered in with grass and bamboos. When I want meat I drive the poor deer in that direction. They tread on the top and fall in. It is horrible, I know, and I will never do it again now that you are here; and all the time you are down there I will look the other way. For goodness' sake do not tumble in yourself, and please don't bring any of the dead deer up here. That would spoil everything. But just bring me the big bone of one hind leg — nothing more. And while you are doing that, you might



as well go down to the river and fill the water-gourd."

I crept down till I was so close I could almost have touched any one of the herd with my stick. Then I made all the noise I could. The deer ran straight for the pitfall. Half-a-dozen fell in. It was a singularly steep and narrow cavity. I climbed to the bottom with some difficulty, and found the deer all dead. By hook or by crook, I came away with a leg-bone in one hand. Then before I filled the gourd I had a short swim in the river.

"Here is your bone," I said, when I returned, wondering what she would do with it. Xoe stuck it into the fire without a word. Then handing me some plantain leaves for platters and a couple of coconuts for tumblers, she made me a coquettish courtesy, and said, "Dinner is ready, if you please."

As an experiment, this little dinner was infinitely superior to my first taste of custard-apples. The trout was done to a turn. The steaming breadfruit was simply delicious; and when I had smashed the bone with a big stone it was full of marrow, so soft and pleasant and luscious that I quite forgot the trout. Then there were broiled mushrooms and roast chestnuts and great pyramids of figs and peaches and grapes. I had never felt—and I had been pretty severely tried of late—so many new sensations as in that single hour. But I thought very little of them then, for I was watching Xoe's delight all the time. Her eyes sparkled with fun, and she never scolded me once. She was looking to see what I thought of this and that, and kept heaping choice morsels upon my plantain leaf. Until this afternoon, I had always gulped my food down without a second thought. Now, just for the pleasure of listening and looking, I spun dinner out as much as possible.

We lay on the grass a long time over dessert. The sun went slowly down. The sky grew black and the stars came out; and then it was I saw the real beauty of the fire. The day would never again die away when the sun had gone, the night no more be weird and lonely. The flaming fire gave everything a new form, a new loveliness, lighting up the trees with a fantastic glamor, and playing in aureoles round Xoe's golden locks and glowing cheeks, until she looked so supernaturally beautiful that I almost expected to see her vanish in the mysterious gloom behind the trees, or to hear her low rippling laughter fade away in echoes, far, far beyond the murmurs of the distant sea.

That first night was a dream, and all nature seemed to dream with us. The stars were brighter than they had ever been before. The fireflies gave a brilliant flickering outline to the distant bushes in the undergrowth around us. The river went laughing and rippling over the stones below. The forest was full of musical and sympathetic whisperings, as if the huge beasts, that had so often made night hideous, were all intent to hear what the wind, rustling and sighing and sighing among the slender palm-trees, told of her and me. Even the little birds in their nests chirped timidly out at the night's extraordinary beauty.

We talked without restraint now. In some most marvellous way a past, that had never really existed, appeared to come back again. I tried to say that her presence had already become absolutely essential to my life, and that I could scarcely imagine it had not always been so. I think she told me—but what did I not think she told me, as I looked into her eyes, always blue and beautiful, but changing somehow with every shadow and flicker from the fire? Then, by that fitful blaze, I suddenly seemed to read her thoughts, and she, I felt, read mine. I scarcely knew what she was saying, but I did know that every word she murmured was a poem, and found an echo in my heart.

At last she rose reluctantly. "This has been a wonderful day, Zit," she said, putting one of her tiny hands in mine. "We must think of it sometimes when we want to fight again. You will sleep here by the light of the fire. In the morning you will see me again. Good-night!"

Xoe vanished as quickly as she had dawned upon me first. I was dazed by her disappearance. "She will never come back," I cried, "and I shall now know all my life long what real loneliness means." I turned from the fire, and everything was black despair. But her horse thrust his head lovingly into my hand, as a proof that all was real. I threw myself down beside him, and soon began to dream of Xoe, and to wonder in my dreams why she had called me Zit at once.

#### CHAPTER IV.

My sleep was so full of startling dreams that I sprang up thankfully at the first glimmer of grey light. Remembering something Xoe had told me of her early experiences, I felt my way down over the rocks, as best I could, to the pitfall where the deer were lying. With one



of my sharpest flints I soon stripped the pretty mottled skins off three of them. Then I went on to the seashore, and, after scrubbing the skins with sand for an hour or so and washing them well in sea water, they became quite clean and soft and pliable. After this I carried them back to the pitfall, and, with cactus spikes for brad-awls and tendons for thread, contrived to sew them into a garment something after Xoe's fashion — a rude tunic that left my right arm and shoulder free, and came down to my knees.

My first clothes filled me with pride and admiration, and I spent, I am ashamed to say, an unconscionable time leaning over the quietest corner of the pool, so as to have a good look at the general effect. Something of the same feeling comes back to me even now, whenever I put on a new coat. It gives me a buoyant air and a strut which, though not natural, are, I feel, vastly becoming. I walked back very slowly over the rocks down which I had so hastily climbed, for, though I wished it, my dignity did not permit me to run. I was rather frightened too. I had been, it seemed to me, ages away, and I feared poor Xoe might be thinking I had disappeared forever. I was soon reassured on this point. There she was, still cooking something at her everlasting fire.

She turned suddenly, and went off into shrieks of inexhaustible laughter.

"That is really nice of you," she said, trying to stop laughing, "and it suits you exactly. Please don't think me rude. I can't help it" — and here she fairly broke down — "but it does so remind me of the fright I made of myself two days after I ran away. I wonder if you went down to the river too and looked into it, and how long you stopped there?"

My conscience pricked me here, and I cried out rather bitterly, "You are really too bad, Xoe!"

Her voice changed at once. "I am not bad," she answered. "I don't know how to explain it, but a girl never says what she thinks. If you want to get on with me you must not believe a word I say, and when I cry or laugh you must not believe me either. There! It is horrible, but ever since yesterday morning I have felt it to be true. I don't know why I should warn you like this — perhaps because I feel it is good of you and kind of you to take such a world of trouble to do what you think I wish, and really you would not look nice in tussar silk."

This mollified me of course, and as we sat over breakfast I said, "I hope you

did not think I had gone forever, Xoe; I was afraid you would be frightened."

"Oh dear, no!" she replied, with half a pout. "I saw your stick directly I came out. I knew you would never leave that; and then — I was here, too. We have a long day before us," she continued; "what do you generally do?"

"I eat a good deal," I answered, "I sleep a good deal, and I carve my stick, and when I am sick of one place I walk on to another. I am quite ready to start whenever you are."

"Wait till you have got a house of your own," said Xoe, "and you won't be quite so ready to run away from it. I will first show you round my little place, and if you don't wish to stop here for good and all I pity you. Then, if you like, we will try and catch a horse for you, and perhaps before you have learnt how to ride him properly the day will be done."

Xoe led me first to her bower, a most quaint and charming little residence only thirty or forty paces off, and constructed certainly with a minimum of trouble. She had simply utilized the ground-floor of a spreading banian-tree. This eccentric tree, when it is tired of growing up grows down. It spreads an enormous shelter to begin with, and then to support all this sends down shoots which soon take root in the earth, and rapidly develop into trunks and pillars. She had filled the overhanging branches in with layers of dried palm leaves, until the roof was simply perfect. The outer walls were made of palm mats too, and with palm leaves also the rooms were divided one from the other. Between two gnarled and twisted pillars we entered the porch, and here her bits and bridles were hanging. The floor was covered with a couple of magnificent tiger-skins, with their claws on.

"Did you really kill those awful brutes?" I asked breathlessly, as we went in, rather mortified and hurt, and perhaps a trifle frightened to find Xoe so much cleverer and braver than I was.

"Certainly not!" she replied, laughing. "They tumbled into my larder after the deer, and their skins were just what I wanted for the porch. But come into my drawing-room, do, and say frankly what you think of that." She pushed a hanging mat away and we entered a large room full of light and flowers and air, for on one side, looking over a magnificent view of river, forest, and sea, the outer wall was rolled up to the roof. The room was very prettily decorated with flowers in all manner of fantastic gourds, and with bright

shells, and startling feathers and big bunches of many-colored grass.

"Aha!" she cried, only because after I had looked at the room I looked at her. "I see you have found me out. It's no use being a hypocrite. I was up before you. I watched you start. I saw what you were after, and then I made my room as pretty as I could. One doesn't have a visitor every day, you know, and I don't suppose I shall ever have another. Here I sleep," she added, pushing aside, but for a moment only, a curtain which screened off a little apartment as fresh and pure and dainty as herself—"here I sleep. And here," she added, running on, "I keep my cooking-things, and all my gourds and coconuts." By this time we were at the back of her bower, and I tried to follow her out into the open.

"The only puzzle," she went on, turning abruptly round, "is what to do with you? You can sleep where you did last night for a time. But you can't go on like that, and unluckily there is not another banian-tree up here."

This unexpected question was a poser; and though I was holding the pantry curtain up all the while, we stood some time discussing it.

"The best thing," said Xoe at last, "will be to build you a hut exactly where you slept last night."

"The very thing!" I cried. "We will build two huts, and then we will be able to talk across to each other all night long."

"Thank you, no!" Xoe answered quickly. "From what I see of you and know of myself, I think we shall talk quite enough in the daytime. And if I build you a hut, you stupid boy, I don't want you to live on the roof of it, as we used to do in the old days. Nothing, do you know, Zit, really astonished me more when I began to act for myself than to find out that the inside of a hut was very much snugger than the outside. But we can leave that for the moment, and do come along if you want to catch a horse to-day. I really cannot stand here listening to you all the morning."

Considering that my right arm ached fearfully with holding the pantry curtain over her pretty head, and that I had not been able to get in half-a-dozen words since breakfast, I might well have felt a little hurt. But I did not. I was too much interested in Xoe and her plans.

She called her horse up; gave him a couple of plantains; told me to watch how she put on his saddle-cloth and bridle;

gave me a bundle to carry, and off we started. There was a spirit of freedom and *camaraderie* between us now quite different from the restraint of yesterday morning. After talking of half a hundred other things I ventured to point this out to Xoe, and asked her if it were right or if it were wrong.

"Oh," she said, "it's right enough. It must have been the other feeling that was wrong. Do you know, I felt quite frightened at you yesterday, and was most absurdly nervous for a long time after you came up."

"Really, that is odd!" I answered. "I had precisely the same feeling. I saw directly that you noticed I had it. But I never guessed you thought like me."

"That's only because you know nothing of a girl's feelings, Zit, and I am afraid I really am deeper than you are. I never felt like that before. I can hardly believe it of myself now, but—I think I was shy. Stop!" she cried, "that is what we are looking for," and she pointed to innumerable hoofmarks on the beaten grass. "I can hear them," she continued, "on the other side of the wood. Help me off; follow me with my horse."

We stole forward in silence. Suddenly Xoe put a finger to her lips, and whispered, "Look there! But keep very still. If they should come our way, we are lost."

Through the leaves I saw a vast herd of horses, hundreds, perhaps thousands, in number. Right in the centre stood their leader, a fiery chestnut with black points. The horses and mares of his bodyguard looked at him from time to time as they browsed for signals and instructions. The scouts on the herd's outer edge had already scented something amiss, but the colts and fillies went caressing madly round in circles wherever there was room for a gallop.

Xoe opened my bundle, took her horse from me, gave him a little cut with her whip, and telling me to remain where I was till she called, stole after him. For a moment the horses all turned their heads towards their new comrade, pricking up their delicate ears and standing motionless. But when Xoe appeared they wheeled round as if to word of command, threw their heels into the air, and with the sound of a rushing hurricane, disappeared as if by magic. The green glade was deserted but for Xoe's own horse and another, which stood fascinated and trembling beside him. Xoe advanced quietly with a bunch of red plantains in her hand. Half she gave to her own horse,

This reassured the timid stranger, which soon pressed forward for the rest. As he ate Xoe pursed up her sweet little lips and blew gently into his nostrils. I hated the beast at the time, but it had a marvellous effect. Patting his neck and fondling his ears, she put the bit she carried into his mouth, and called to me to bring the saddle-cloth. She patted him again, and fed him as I fastened it on.

"There!" she cried, "jump on and I'll follow. Give him his head at first."

What a madcap race that was, over rocks and boulders, through the thick brushwood, just grazing the huge tree-trunks, and under the heavy branches! I pulled with all my strength, but I could not manage to let Xoe overtake me till we were a long way out on the sands.

"That's not the way to treat a horse," she cried breathlessly as she came up. "Don't beat him with that horrible stick of yours—never beat him; only let him know that you could beat him if you like, and won't. But he is quiet now, and you have really not done badly."

He was tired enough, and so was I. But my blood was tingling with triumph. At last I had found a creature to obey me, to do what I willed and turn as I wanted. And then the exhilaration of the rapid motion, and the cool freshness of the salt sea breezes! We rode on, just where the tiny waves broke over the sand.

"Look!" she said at last, as we suddenly rounded the point. And beyond the point, away out at sea, lay innumerable islands, some wooded to the water's edge, with bays of glistening pebbles and sparkling little waterfalls leaping into the sea; some green, some blue, some purple in the transparent noonday sun.

"They are other worlds," said Xoe, with a sigh. "We can never reach them, but we shall see them always. They are loveliest at sunset, when they are lighted up with gold and crimson."

Slowly and reluctantly we turned our horses' heads and cantered home; and whenever I looked at Xoe, which was just as often as I could do so undetected, I thought a day with her was worth all the unknown worlds together, and all their gold and purple. Her cheeks had a rich glow, the light in her blue eyes was at once deep and tender and merry; and as she swayed with every motion of her horse, I noticed, as I had not noticed yet, how admirably her light robe set off the graceful curves of her beautiful body.

I was as tired as I could be that evening, but exhilarated beyond all measure.

We dined very quietly. But after dinner my thoughts came too quick for words. I had a burning desire to sing.

"Xoe," I said at last, when we were both of us rather weary of praising my new horse and of talking over the day's adventures—"Xoe, I told you how I learned to sing. Don't you ever sing, and won't you sing now? Please do!"

"I have a little cold," she answered, "or I would."

I pressed her hard, and said rude things about her cold. At last she gave way so far as to promise to try after I had sung something first.

I began to sing as I had always sung hitherto, by imitating the bulbul. But suddenly a new confidence came to me. I put my real thoughts into real words. I sang the utter misery and loneliness of my purposeless past, the joy I had in meeting her, the triumphant thoughts that had filled me as we tore on together through the forest and across the sands. And then I tried to sing her beauty and her praises, and to tell her she had given everything new meanings to me now.

In the firelight I watched Xoe. With one hand she unconsciously beat time. Her face was half turned from me, but I could see that her cheeks were rosy red. Suddenly she lifted her eyes reproachfully to mine, and put her fingers to her ears.

"Stop!" she cried. "You must stop! Can't you see that I cannot hear you now? What must you think of me for allowing you to sing the very things I had told you not to say? They seemed so different when you sang them, and I was only listening to the music, when I found out all at once that you were singing of me, sir."

"Xoe," I said—and I said it with all my soul—"I do try to obey you. I never say half the things I want to say. I only look at you when I know you are looking the other way. But somehow when I sing I can control my thoughts no longer. I never gave way like this before. Of course I was wrong. I always am wrong. But after all, Xoe, you made a promise; and though I don't know much, I know it is not right to break promises. Please sing. Unless you do, I am afraid I shall be mean enough to remind you that only last night you told me I was a goose to stop when you bade me. And then people who say they have colds when they haven't should not be always talking about right and wrong."

Xoe was cross after this, and so, I own,

was I. Evidently there was no pleasing her. I turned away petulantly, and she did the same. For quite five minutes neither of us spoke.

Then clear and soft and full her voice rose on the evening air. It was not an echo of my own song as it seemed at first. But it was the translation of my own dreams and fancies, the key to all the beauty of all the world. I learned, as I listened, the secret mystery of the rustling trees, the flowing river, the surging sea. Higher and higher her voice soared and sobbed in ecstasies of melody almost painful in their intensity. Not a thought, not a guess, not a longing that had come to me in the moonless midnights, or when the starlight was most splendid, or when at sunset or sunrise the sky glowed in unspeakable glory, but were clear and easy to me now.

She stopped suddenly. We were both too deeply moved to speak. Her rosy cheeks were very pale now. And when she bowed in token of farewell, I noticed that her eyes, like mine, were filled with tears.

#### CHAPTER V.

ONE'S courting days are, I suppose, very happy days; and I, at least, was free from that most detestable of all detestable nuisances—a rival. But no one, I will not say before me, but after me, has ever gone through such agonies as I suffered in the course of the next few weeks. Xoe was never in the same mood for two days, nay, for two hours, together. Sometimes, as when we were building my hut, she could not possibly have been more fascinating, more thoughtful, or kinder, than she was. She called me up one afternoon from the pool, where I had been sent to fish, to tell me the hut was ready. Her eyes were wonderfully soft and tender, and there was an air of triumph and protection in the very way she spoke.

My hut, when I had left it in the morning, with its four square walls of mats and bamboos, was bare and empty. Now it was filled with all the little knickknacks from her own house, which, as I happened to know, Xoe prized most dearly. I was inexpressibly moved. I took her little hand eagerly in mine, and kissed it gratefully. She broke from me, crying, "Oh, that's so like a man! Now you have spoilt everything!" And she would not speak a single word to me that evening.

It was just the same in our rides through the forest and over the sands. We made up our minds to know every yard of the

country round about for twenty or thirty miles. When there was no pressing work to be done—and often there was much—we started off at sunrise, taking the day's food with us. We halted where we chose, and gave our horses and ourselves rest for hours together; and travelling in this delightfully deliberate way we often came across the most marvellous things. But I had, I confess, no eyes just then for anything but Xoe. The more she teased, the more her beauty seemed to grow upon me. Her slightest gestures were full of pleasant surprises. Her voice had every day new tones, each eloquent with some meaning of its own. There was a depth of tenderness in her beautiful eyes I could never wholly fathom. I envied the flowers in her hair and on her breast, but mostly I envied her horse as she patted him, and called him by a thousand gentle names. My horse was as docile as hers now, and our two horses went close together with the same stride.

Often, as we rode, we discussed our past life and our future, and sometimes I might say what I pleased for hours together, and Xoe would only check me—so I half thought—to make me talk on. Then, when I laid my hand upon her horse's mane, or on her saddle-cloth, she would let me take one of her little hands half unconsciously in mine. At other times, when I spoke of her—of her of whom I was always thinking—she would throw her head back petulantly, and gallop on. "Surely," I used to say to myself, "she never guesses how cruelly she torments me, how inexpressibly dear her presence is, how the stolen glances from her eyes, the timid touches of her hand, and every word she says, thrill through and through me, and fill all my being with music!"

But most I loved the moonlit evenings when, returning on our weary horses, we rode together slowly side by side under the great trees of the forest, and over the weird, fantastic shadows they cast before us on the ground. We had learned on nights like this to sing together, songs of meetings and longings and regrets, of bitter things and sweet; and then if I stooped, as now and then I dared, to touch her hand with my lips, I used to dream that her hand, as I kissed it, gave me of its own accord, not hers, a secret, shy caress. One night I whispered what I was dreaming, and to me she gave a little scornful laugh for my pains, and to her poor innocent horse such a sharp cut

with her whip as rendered further questioning unavailing.

The morning after that, Xoe, though she looked pale and languid, and had heavy black rings under her beautiful blue eyes, was very hard and cold. "It was extraordinarily dark last night," she began, directly I came up. "I don't think the wind and the leaves ever made such a noise before. I could not quite hear what you were saying, and I am sure I didn't want to. No," she added, stopping me suddenly. "Pray don't make matters worse by explaining them. It was very dark and very noisy. I could not hear, and I couldn't see. That was all!"

So we sat down to a bad breakfast, the worst sign of her displeasure. But I never thought of grumbling, and in spite of a wretched headache, and a total want of appetite, I ate just twice as much as usual.

"Xoe," I said, as she was clearing away the things, "it is a beautiful day for a ride. There will be a lovely moon and no wind to-night."

"I dare say," she answered savagely; "you may go and enjoy them by yourself then. I am going to make pots."

This was one of the penalties of my ingenuity, for lately it had been my duty to make all the new discoveries; and pots were the last things out. A hedgehog, if you cook it properly, is almost better than a sucking-pig. But like the cactus plants, with which I had once tried to drive the frogs and squirrels away, a hedgehog is not pleasant in the handling. I used to cover my hedgehogs thickly with wet earth, and then bake them in the fire; and a few evenings back, the earth from the river which I had plastered over one of these savory little beasts, came out of the fire as hard as stone and quite red. I took the hint, and by the time Xoe was up next morning I had two great red pipkins ready for her criticism. I had covered two gourds with a coating of the same clay from the river, that was all; and when the gourds were burnt away in the fire the crust remained, and then Xoe was delighted. Now, however, she was very disdainful; and I could have kissed the hem of her garment — and how gladly! — when at last she reprieved me from that long lonely ride, and allowed me to stay where I was to help her to make pots.

We got interested in our work, which is always a good thing in itself. Xoe suggested one or two improvements, such as mixing sand and chopped grass with the clay; and when she found that the pots

could really hold water — in which essential point I am sorry to say the first batch failed — I saw that she had half forgiven me.

"There!" she cried at last, when for the first time a boiled dinner was steaming on our grassy table, "it is far better to be industrious sometimes. It is right to be industrious, and I am quite letting you forget what right and wrong are."

This is only one of innumerable examples. Our rides were never really abandoned. But sometimes, from one caprice or another, Xoe kept me busy for days together inventing something new. Her sarcasm sharpened my faculties considerably, and it is to this period of ferment and unrest that the world owes many of its most useful implements.

Now that I was decently clad, it was a nuisance to have to jump into the river every time we happened to want a fish; and I found that a little splint of bone tied round the middle to a tendril, and covered with a lump of fish or flesh, saved me an infinity of trouble. I laid my lines at night, and in the morning there was always plenty of fish on the hooks. Nothing, of course, was easier than to develop my sharp piece of flint into a formidable flint hatchet. All I needed was a branch of tough wood and a big flake of flint, and there were plenty of both to be had. Then with tendons or slips of skin I bound each flint-head securely in the cleft of its handle. This was my earliest effort. But my armory of adzes and tomahawks soon grew to be one of Xoe's pet jokes against me. The flint-headed spear sprang naturally from the hatchet. Then came the javelin, in hurling which I became marvellously expert; and finally the arrow. To the last I devoted a prodigious amount of time and patience, and perhaps, I may add, ingenuity. I could not hang on a young tree or bend a twig without noticing their elasticity. But the arrow gave me more trouble than the bow. I could send it with great force from the very first, but it was long before my arrows went true to their aim.

From sunrise to sunset I hammered and plodded away, and work was, after all, a wonderful solace when I was half-maddened by Xoe's inexplicable conduct. I used to grudge the long nights idly wasted as I tossed on my sleepless couch, wondering what Xoe meant by this or that, and framing speeches of remonstrance which I knew I should never deliver. But even here I was victorious. I found a perfect natural lamp, a discovery which



Xoe herself agreed was almost as important as her famous fire. I had knocked over some stormy petrel one afternoon. On trying to cook them they blazed up and burnt away. They were all oil together. I had only to draw a thread of cotton fibre through one of them, leaving the wick projecting at the beak and I had a magnificent animal candle, which gave a splendid light until the last greasy morsel of the bird was consumed.

So by day and by night I tried to find solace in labor. But often and often I rebelled, and then Xoe would give a strange little laugh, with a ringing, mocking melody about it I had never heard before, and am quite sure I have never heard since.

"You think it's a fine day," she would say. "There will be a lovely moon and no wind. That's what you think, isn't it? I think it's a splendid day for pots. So please finish off your stone hatchet" (I had got from flint to stone now), "and then you can go and practise with that wonderful bow and arrow of yours, and I will sit sewing here and watch you."

This was a regular formula when I invented anything new; but really I had enjoyed the old days far more, when the sands, and the forest, and the sunshine, and the moonlight were quite enough for us both. One morning, when I was trying to put this theory into words, Xoe said "Pots," and I rushed away in a pet, and stayed away deliberately, but very wretched, till nine o'clock at night.

Xoe, however, got the better of me even here. Not a morsel of food had she tasted since I had left; and dinner had been kept back. I sat down to it, but could not eat out of sheer indignation.

"Xoe!" I cried at last, throwing my plantain-leaf plate into the fire, "we must have it out once for all. What does it mean?"

"It means," she answered hotly, "that I will not be mastered. I like you very well and all that, but I will be no man's slave, and your whims and fancies are simply unbearable."

"Mastered!" I cried aghast; "my whims and fancies unbearable! You will be no man's slave! Whose slave and minion am I, then? Whose whims and fancies are as life and death to me? Xoe! think of me sometimes as well as of yourself!"

"That's so like you," she answered — "so like a man! You judge everything from a man's standpoint. Your insufferable temper is simply breaking my heart,

and sometimes I wish I had never seen you. There!"

"You won't see me much longer!" I retorted fiercely. And my words were very nearly coming true.

Next morning I went away in a huff to vent my rage upon a horrible big black bear that had for long served as a target for my arrows. He always had a sort of sardonic grin, whether I missed him or touched him; and as I mostly practised when I was in a bad temper, I very naturally came to regard him as an ally of Xoe's unkindness. To-day I swore should see the last of one of us. With my heaviest and newest hatchet in my hand I walked boldly up to him in the glen. He was so completely astounded at this new method of attack that he scarcely tried to resist. Wielding my axe with both my hands, I thundered away at his enormous head and hairy neck. In another moment I should have killed him, when, as luck would have it, the handle of my axe broke off. The bear was on his hind legs in an instant, and as we wrestled to and fro, I could feel my strength failing gradually. It was soon all I could do to keep his huge jaws off me, and as I clutched at his throat, his hot breath came to me in frantic pants and roars. Under this terrible pressure, tighter and now tighter, my ribs seemed to be giving way. There was a red mist before my eyes; my breath was exhausted. With my last sigh I cried "Xoe!" and then all was over.

When I opened my eyes again there was Xoe on one side of me, holding my head on her lap, and on the other side the big black bear stone-dead.

"Who killed him?" I asked, still bewildered, trying to rise to my feet.

"Be quiet, Zit!" said Xoe very softly. "I killed him, dear. I could not help it. I thought he had killed you. Don't be cross to me now. I will never be cross to you again. Oh, Zit! you have punished me terribly." I thought you were dead. I was too sorry to cry;" and then she gave me a little gentle pat on the cheek nearest her, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. "Don't stop me, Zit; please don't stop me," she whispered, as I tried to kiss her tears off. "They are doing me a world of good. For half an hour I thought you were dead, dear."

This was the first time I ever dared to kiss her really. But she was far too frightened to mind it.

"Poor thing!" she went on; "how pale you looked! I saw nothing but you, and I pushed your big spear right through

that horrible beast. He fell away, and I have been sitting here with your head in my lap ever since. What a dreadful world it is! and all, I know, on my account. But I couldn't help it; and I can't help it, Zit. Do say I was right, and that I could not help it!"

I do not know what I said. But I know what I felt Xoe was to me at that moment. She assisted me up the hill; and her assistance was so pleasant just then, that I was, if I remember rightly, a trifle feebler than was really necessary. We sat in her drawing-room all the afternoon; and though in an hour I was as strong as ever, I was even allowed to dine there.

"It is just like our first night," said Xoe, as I lingered in the porch, saying good-bye to her. "Do you remember what I said then? 'This has been a wonderful day, Zit; we must think of it sometimes when we want to fight again.'"

"Xoe, I remember every word you ever said!" I cried, tearing myself away with a wrench.

It was an awful night outside. The black clouds had been drifting up all through the evening. The air was heavy and sultry, and everything, now she had disappeared, was unspeakably sad. Suddenly, far over the hills behind, I heard the sullen roar of thunder. Near and nearer came the gathering storm, and soon the lightning broke out in quaint, zigzag fashion, darting in fierce forks through the sky, and playing round the tops of the palm-trees close about us. One flash that almost blinded me, seemed to run along my hut, and down its nearest side. But when I could look up again, the hut was still there. I scarcely know what prompted me, but I seized a huge torch from the smouldering fire, and flung it on the roof.

The hut flared up for a moment right into the sky, and was then a heap of soot and ashes. But before the blaze had quite died away Xoe was there, clutching me by the arm.

"What is it, Zit?" she cried; "I am so terribly frightened! And where is your hut?"

"It is burnt up!" I answered. "Look at the lightning! Isn't it terrible?"

But before I had finished speaking the heavens opened, and the rain came down like a waterspout.

"It is all my fault, I know," whispered Xoe, as she clung to me in terror. "It is my fault, not yours. I can see nothing when it lightens, but that big black beast.

But I am so cold and so wet, we must find shelter somewhere."

Next morning after breakfast I said to Xoe, "Xoe, why did you call me Zit directly you saw me first?"

"I am sure I don't know," she answered. "But stop. I can't tell fibs today. If I must answer you, I will. But I won't answer any of your questions till you promise to answer one of mine."

"I promise," I said. "Why did you call me Zit?"

"Why? Because ever since I remember anything I remember Zit. He was to be my husband, you know, when I grew to be a great, big girl, and to be very good to me and very kind to me. That's why I called you Zit, Zit dear. You might have guessed it long ago. But I don't suppose you can even guess what I am going to ask you now."

"How can I?" I cried.

"Who burnt your hut down?" said Xoe very seriously. "You or the lightning?"

"I did!" I said; and I was most woefully disconcerted at being found out.

"Oh, you bad, bad boy!" she sobbed, throwing both her arms round my neck.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

MR. FORSTER.

MR. FORSTER'S friends have every reason to feel satisfied with the public tributes which have been paid to his character. On all sides, and from every party in the State save one, there has been an outpouring of expressions of regret at his loss such as one seldom hears, even when death has removed a man of altogether exceptional powers and virtues. To those who knew Mr. Forster in private life, to those who had learned to appreciate his rare worth, his noble character, there is something infinitely consolatory in the thought that in his case, death, the great touchstone of humanity, has revealed him to the outer world as he really was, and has made known to his fellow-men the true nature of one regarding whom many strange misconceptions were widely current whilst he was still with us. No doubt the emotion which stirred many hearts when it was made known that the long illness of Mr. Forster had terminated fatally was due to the almost tragical untimeliness of his death. There was no man living who had taken a deeper interest in the Irish question than he had

done; none who had followed, even amid the pangs of mortal sickness, the varying rumors of the day more closely, and not one who awaited with a keener interest and anxiety the revelation of the great secret of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. And he died within a day or two of the time when that scheme was unfolded to the world, passing away at the very moment when the problem with which he had been so long and so closely associated had reached its most critical and dangerous stage. I have said that the untimeliness of his death, in these circumstances, was almost tragical. It added a fresh pang to the sorrow of those who had known and loved him to think that, if he had been spared a week longer, he would have learned the secret regarding the nature of which he speculated so constantly during his closing days. And yet it is impossible to deny that, upon the whole, he was happy in the moment of his death. His fellow-countrymen, at the very hour when he was called away, began for the first time seriously to realize the true nature of the task with which he had struggled so earnestly in Ireland, and the character of the difficulties with which he had been left to contend, almost single-handed, during the whole term of his Irish secretaryship.

It is many years now since I heard the late Lord Houghton describe, in his characteristic vein, his first meeting with the man who was so long one of his dearest friends. "I had gone over to Bradford," said the poet peer, "to a dinner at the house of a rich manufacturer named M—. It was in the days when, at such dinners, the health of every man present was drunk by the company, and every man was expected to make a speech in reply. We had gone through toasts innumerable, and I thought that at last all was over, when my host got upon his feet and said we must not separate before we had drunk the health of a young gentleman who had just come from the south to engage in the Bradford trade, and who had the strong recommendation of being a connection of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. This was Mr. Forster. We duly drank the toast, and then a very tall, loosely built, angular young man, with a shock of reddish hair standing up in an eccentric fashion on the crown of his head, got up and thanked us for the honor we had done him. He was very nervous; but I saw directly that there was something in him, and begged my host to introduce me to him. I was still more pleased with the freshness and

vigor of his talk; and having told him that my father allowed me the privilege of inviting any guests I pleased to Frystons, I begged him to come on an early day to see me. In due time he came, and stopped three days, during which time I was more than ever struck by his uncommon powers and the very interesting cast of his mind. But on the second day my father amused me greatly. 'Richard,' he said to me, 'you have brought some strange people to Frystons in your time, but this young man is the strangest I have ever seen in the house; in all my life I never saw anybody so awkward in his manners as he is.'

The anecdote is worth telling, not merely because it records the beginning of an unbroken friendship between the two most famous men Yorkshire has sent into public life during our time, but because it throws light upon a characteristic of Mr. Forster's, regarding which the most extraordinary and most cruel misunderstandings prevailed. I refer to his personal manners. It was his misfortune to have a singularly plain and unpolished manner. He was blunt and outspoken in his language, and he was rugged and clumsy in his actions and gestures. There were those among his critics in later years who knew so little of the real man that they actually charged him openly with having assumed this awkwardness of bearing to serve some private end of his own. One of the innumerable critics who trade upon puerile personalities, and who seek to estimate statesmen by the cut of their coats or their whiskers, once referred to him, I remember, as "a stage Yorkshireman," openly hinting that in those outward characteristics of his which were least pleasing to the eye, he was merely playing a part. And I know that a suspicion of the same kind prevailed among many who saw him only at a distance. It is just as well, then, to record the verdict pronounced upon him by Mr. Pemberton Milnes at a time when he was still in his first youth, and when he certainly could have had no purpose to serve by assuming an artificial abruptness of demeanor.

To those who had the privilege of Mr. Forster's friendship, nay, to any one who had occasion to be brought into contact with him in connection with serious matters of business, there is no need to say a single word in explanation of his outward manner. It was the natural fruit of his up-bringing, amid the young men of a sect which, in his early days at all events, despised the graces of this world, and of the

years of his early manhood, spent amid the unpolished but genuine people of the West Riding—the manufacturers and mill “hands,” whose outward characteristics have been painted for us with such wonderful fidelity in the pages of “Shirley” and “The Professor.” Far too much in earnest ever to trouble himself about mere appearances, with a love of realities which made him not so much indifferent to as unconscious of the superficialities of life, Mr. Forster, it is to be feared, often gave offence to strangers, or to those who knew him but slightly, by his brusque manners. He would blurt out a searching question at a moment when his interlocutor least expected it, and having got an answer which was probably more or less foolish and unsatisfactory, he would shrug his shoulders and turn away without another word, often leaving the man with whom he had been conversing in anything but an enviable frame of mind. Yet, if any one had hinted to him that he had hurt the feelings of another by his demeanor, Mr. Forster’s whole heart would have been filled with pain, and he would have made haste to offer any possible reparation to the person whom he had aggrieved. It would be doing no honor to the dead man to hide the truth regarding his defects of outward manner, or to ignore the fact that this bluntness of speech of his had often a serious effect upon his own popularity in certain quarters. But at least it may be claimed for him that his manner was natural, genuine, and unassumed, and that beneath it lay hidden one of the warmest and most generous natures, one of the most loving and lovable hearts, it has been the good fortune of any of us to encounter in this world.

It is no part of my purpose here to indulge in a mere panegyric upon the dead. I wish rather to give some slight sketch of his character, his characteristics, and his habits; and I shall not, therefore, diverge into any account of the many deeds of charity and benevolence which years ago made his name one to conjure with in the West Riding, and which won for him among those who were his neighbors in the beautiful Wharfe valley, where he had his home, an almost idolatrous love and reverence. It is enough to say on this point that he was the worthy son of his martyr father, William Forster, the apostle of abolition, and that down to the latest day of his life, the readiness of his response to every well-founded appeal which was made to his liberality proved that he

had inherited the virtues as well as the blood of the Buxtons. There was no public man of our time, I say confidently, who was more consistently and constantly liberal in his charities, in proportion to his means, than Mr. Forster.

When I first enjoyed the honor of his friendship, that which struck me most strongly in his character was the intense earnestness of his devotion to work. A man of more unremitting, unrelenting industry it would have been difficult to find within the limits of the three kingdoms. It mattered not at what time of the day one met him, or under what circumstances, he always had “something on hand,” and was bent upon doing that something thoroughly and without loss of time. Idleness to him would have been positive misery. When he was in office, he of course found plenty to do, and did it with an energy of which those who served under him can speak. But when he was out of office, he seemed to be just as much engaged in public work as at other times. His room at Eccleston Square, where he worked standing at the high desk, aided by a private secretary who was devoted to his chief, was like the bureau of a minister. Letters, despatches, newspapers, books of reference, pamphlets, were all scattered about in the apartment in disorderly order, and Mr. Forster worked his way through the whole mass of correspondence with a systematic energy that enabled him in the worst of times to keep fairly abreast of the demands upon him. It was a striking commentary upon the shallow criticisms of those who made complaint of his outward manner, and professed to see in it the sign of a churlishness of spirit, that there never was a man who was more uniformly punctual, courteous, and considerate in his correspondence. Most of his letters he answered with his own hand. Even when he lay on his death-bed, he wrote, whenever he was permitted to do so, in reply to the communications he received. And it mattered little whether the letter he had to answer came from a friend or a stranger. Even the rapacious tribe of autograph-hunters were never repulsed by him. A man had only to ask him in writing for advice or assistance, or the expression of an opinion which might be of use on some public or private question, and he was certain of receiving from him a prompt and cordial reply. This fact should be borne in mind by those who have allowed the little outward asperities of manner which occasionally displayed themselves, and which,

as I have shown, were so far from revealing his true nature, to prejudice their minds against him.

Next to this inexhaustible energy, which displayed itself not merely in the faithful performance of the ordinary duties of a representative or a minister, but in the constant excursions which he made into fields of labor from which he might well have excused himself if he had thought fit to do so, the mingled openness and gravity of his mind attracted attention. There are those among us who seem to think that Mr. Forster, like another great statesman of our time, was guilty of the folly of "never looking out of the window." He has been accused of forming his own theories, alone and unaided, and of clinging to them when formed with the stubborn tenacity of a singularly firm and unbending will. Now, that Mr. Forster did stand fast in defence of his own opinions, and that when he had formed those opinions he was not lightly to be moved from them, are facts upon which all men will be agreed; but it would be impossible to bring any charge against him more unfounded than that of having shown an arrogant disinclination to take the views of other men into account. Every one who knew him can bear testimony to his earnest desire to learn the opinions of others upon the questions with which he had to deal. How many times he has come to me, not to tell me the views he had arrived at upon the burning question of the hour, but to seek to thresh out, with such poor assistance as I could give him, the arguments for and against any particular proposal relating to that question! There never was a man who had a more open mind upon questions on which his opinion was in process of being formed. He always strove to see each particular subject as it was seen by other people, high and low, and it was only when he had thus viewed it from every possible standpoint that he made up his mind finally as to the course which he himself would take with regard to it. It was this caution in arriving at a conclusion, and this earnest desire to put himself in the place of other men who regarded the question of the moment from a different point of view, that brought down upon him the charge of trimming. Men accused him of speaking for the purpose of gaining the cheers of his opponents, ignoring the fact that in the least as well as in the most important affairs of life he was always anxious to hear what others had to say, and to take their opinions into

consideration before coming to a definite conclusion on his own account.

He was very fond of social intercourse; talked admirably at dinner, with a fulness of knowledge, a ripe sagacity, a thorough acquaintance with men and affairs, that made him one of the most delightful of companions. He had travelled a great deal, and liked talking over the places he had seen, the people he had met, and the little adventures that had befallen him in his journeyings in different parts of the world. How well I remember the story he told me on the occasion of my last visit to Burley, of his encounter with a supposed brigand on Mount Olympus, and of the way in which they had exchanged shots — happily harmless — with each other from behind sheltering rocks, before making the mutual discovery that both were honest men. Books, too, he was always glad to discuss, having a shrewd judgment of his own upon literary matters, and a strong liking for sensational stories of the "Treasure Island" type. So when he had a friend at his dinner-table at Burley or in Eccleston Square, the time passed all too quickly and pleasantly. But when the ladies had withdrawn, and when Mr. Forster had taken his favorite place, with knees crossed and feet on fender, a change almost invariably came over his spirit. He would heave a little sigh, and say, "Well, all this is very pleasant, and I should like to talk still more about —" that book or that journey, as the case might be — "but it is time to turn to something more serious." And then he would open his mind without reserve or hesitation upon the special question which at that moment interested him, and would expect that you too should join, not in mere slip-slop talk of the club smoking-room kind upon the subject, but in serious and thorough discussion, in which the honest truth was spoken upon both sides. Nor would he ever wince under arguments which told strongly against himself. There never was a man in his great position who put that position more completely on one side when talking even with the most obscure of his friends. He hated to be treated with mere deference, or to get nothing more than an echo of his own views from his interlocutor; and he would infinitely rather have the bluntest expressions of difference of opinion than the poor compliment of a smooth acquiescence in everything which he might assert. It was at such times, I think, that one saw him at his best. The big man, with the striking face, the un-



gainly manners, all earnestness in argument, his voice rising and falling with a not unmusical cadence distinctly suggestive of the district in which his home had so long been fixed, was for the moment not the minister or the statesman, but the ardent seeker after truth who had distinguished himself by his eagerness in that noble pursuit among his fellow-manufacturers in the West Riding long before he became the associate of the greatest in the land. One forgot everything about him save that he was a true-souled man who spoke his own honest mind and expected that you would do the same.

One little instance of the extreme care he took to make sure of his facts before making up his mind occurs to me. It was at the time when Mr. Courtney and Sir John Lubbock were heading the movement in favor of proportional representation, and when a number of test elections upon the system which they favored were being conducted in different parts of the country. "Come over to Burley to-morrow, and we'll have an election of our own, and see how it works," he said to me. I went, and the whole evening was spent, not merely in an imaginary election for Leeds, in which certain living politicians were made to play their parts with rather ludicrous results, but in an exhaustive process of shuffling and re-shuffling the ballot papers before each separate counting took place. We shuffled those papers twenty-four different times, and counted them as many times; and at the close of the twenty-fourth counting Mr. Forster was satisfied. "*That won't work, at all events,*" he said, indicating with his forefinger the tabular statement which showed that, under this remarkable system, each fresh counting of the votes after a re-shuffling of the papers produced a fresh result. But it was not until he had spent a long evening in thus testing the thing for himself that he made up his mind, and said what he thought.

Energy both of mind and body, unflinching industry, openness to conviction, carefulness of investigation, are all admirable qualities, but as I look back these are not, after all, the characteristics of Mr. Forster which seem best worth remembering. I would rather dwell, if I might, upon the generous spirit that was harbored in that rugged frame, on the depth and warmth of the affections which stirred his heart, on the noble magnanimity of his character. Anxious as I am to avoid raising any old controversy at this moment, I am bound to say something

of Mr. Forster's position at the time when he was deserted by his old colleagues, and assailed with unseemly bitterness by those who had once been his warmest friends in the political circles of Yorkshire. How keenly he felt the treatment which he then received is known to but few. Some men thought him callous; others charged him with being vindictive and passionate, at a time when he was writhing under wounds inflicted by those in whom he had placed the firmest confidence, those to whom he had looked with the fullest assurance for help in the time of need. That he was embittered by the treatment he received at the period of his resignation in 1882 I am not prepared to deny. He was "very human," and it was not in human nature to bear such an ordeal as that through which Mr. Forster had then to pass without showing some traces of it. Why, not content with having driven him from office, and ruined his political career — though, thank God! not his reputation — there were those who treated the revelation of the devilish plots which were hatched against his life whilst he was in Ireland as a mere joke, if, indeed, they did not look upon that revelation as an artful invention of his own for the purpose of increasing his popularity. How was it possible for any man to submit himself to these poisoned arrows of malicious innuendo without being moved? It was a terrible time both for the nervous system and the moral nature of the man, and if he had been anything but what he was — if he had been less brave, patient, pious — he would have succumbed under it. As it is, I wish to state here explicitly and with emphasis that, though it was often my privilege to discuss the incidents of those dark days with Mr. Forster, I never once heard him utter a single word of bitterness regarding any one of his former colleagues and political associates. On the contrary, his chief anxiety seemed to be to remove any unfavorable impression which their conduct might have made upon my mind. Once or twice he complained of the unfair treatment he had received at the hands of outsiders, and he never did so without good reason. But regarding those who had been his colleagues in the ministry or in political life in Bradford, the worst he ever did was to keep silence concerning them. "I should like to tell you," he said to me one day, "that I always had, up to the time when I left the Cabinet, the loyal support of Mr. Gladstone; and let me say that I learned not merely to

like him, but positively to love him, during my association with him. I could never have believed that I could have learned to love a man so much." I quote this sentence to show Forster's real spirit towards those from whom he had differed. The strongest remark which I ever heard him make regarding his retirement from the government was one of surprise that he should have been allowed to retire on so small a point. "They would have kept me if they had agreed to introduce the Crimes Act just a week before the time when they gave notice of its introduction in the House of Commons. It seemed strange that they should let me go, and let all this be brought about, when they might so easily have prevented it."

This brings me to that tragical moment in English history with which the name of Mr. Forster will always be closely associated. It was my lot to see him in his room at the Irish Office on the very day on which he quitted office. I shall never forget the appearance of his face on that occasion. It was the face of a hunted wild animal, and my heart was wrung with sorrow and pity as I noted the legible signs of all that he had suffered; the haggard cheeks, the blanched lips, the bloodshot eyes, the whitening hair. Yet even then he could talk with calm self-possession regarding the interests of others, and he was more anxious not to do anything which might seem ungenerous towards his old colleagues than to justify himself. This was on Wednesday, May 3rd. The next day he made his speech explaining the reasons for his resignation, whilst Lord Frederick Cavendish, with the shadow of doom upon him, listened in a seat below the gallery. On the Saturday occurred the foul tragedy of the Phoenix Park. No man who was witness of the scene in the great political clubs on the Sunday morning, when the news had spread, will ever forget that terrible day of horror and agitation. I was at the Reform Club in the morning when I received word that Mr. Forster would be there presently, and that he wished to see me. When he entered the club the members followed him in a mob the like of which was never seen before in that stately building. On Thursday he had warned the country of the impending danger in Ireland, on Saturday his prediction had been terribly fulfilled. Nor could men rid themselves of the strong impression that it was only by something like a miracle that Mr. Forster himself had escaped the fate of Lord Frederick Caven-

dish. So when he took me to a seat in the hall and began to talk over the news, the crowd in the spacious saloon gathered in a great semicircle out of earshot, but where they could stare at him with all their might, as men stare at one who has been snatched from the very jaws of death. There is no need to repeat here what he had to say to me regarding that great tragedy, for what he said in private he repeated in public—as Mr. Parnell subsequently learned to his cost. But it is not generally known, I believe, that on that Sunday morning Mr. Forster went to Downing Street, saw Mr. Gladstone, and offered to leave for Dublin the same night, not to resume the chief secretaryship, but to take the place of the under secretary and keep up the routine work of the Castle until the two vacant offices could be filled up. He made this noble offer at the moment when the nerves of most men had been shaken by the great tragedy, knowing full well that from the hour when he set foot on Irish soil to the hour when he left it, his own life would be in the most imminent danger from the knives of the assassins, and knowing, too, that he would be rendering a service to a political party which seemed bent upon ostracizing him, and which had just treated him with scant courtesy and fairness.

There is no need to offer any justification of the course which he subsequently pursued in dealing with the government and the Irish party in the House of Commons. Happily we have now reached a period in which men are ready to admit that a statesman who has been driven from office is justified in making his own views and feelings known, even when those views and feelings run counter to the opinions of the most eminent and powerful man in the political world. Mr. Forster was very sorry to have to differ from Mr. Gladstone, but it would be altogether a mistake to suppose that he was a man who was prepared to sit down in absolute silence under what he conceived to be unjust treatment. His sense of fair play was stirred on his own behalf as well as on behalf of others, and when he was seeking for justice he invariably struck with all his might, whether he was working in the cause of some weak chief at the uttermost ends of the earth, or pleading his own case before the bar of public opinion in England. Earnest and straightforward in every action of his life, he never attempted to dissemble his feelings when he himself was publicly assailed; but with blunt candor and honesty, and

with a courage which never quailed, he met the assaults of his opponents half way, and did his best to return every blow he received, being careful only to deal no blow that could possibly be regarded as a foul one. In all this he seems to me to have been a typical Englishman of the best school; wholly free from ignoble suspicions, not easily provoked, slow to anger, unable to bear malice; but when actually engaged in conflict, resolutely determined to do his best and to yield to no man.

The last years of his life were greatly occupied with two questions — the federation of the empire and the fate of General Gordon. On the former subject I would only say that he threw himself into the work of organizing and stimulating public opinion with an energy which would have done credit to the youngest enthusiast in the political world. Here at least he found a field in which he could put forth all his strength undeterred by the fear of having base motives imputed to him; though even into this field he was pursued by the sneers of those who could never forgive the author of the Twenty-fifth Clause. Time only will show whether the glorious dream of a federated empire is to be realized; but if the day which sees its realization should ever be reached, it will be to Mr. Forster that the consummation will be chiefly due. His interest in General Gordon brought into prominence one of the happiest traits in his own character. Mr. Forster was one of those men whose emotions are easily stirred by the recital of any noble deed. How often I have heard his voice quiver with emotion as he was speaking of some man or some act that had greatly stirred his admiration! For Gordon he had an almost passionate admiration and reverence. The great soldier was a kinsman of his own, and I often thought that there was much in common between the two men. Certainly in their courage, both moral and physical, they were remarkably alike. There were those who actually imagined that Mr. Forster's devotion to General Gordon, after the latter went on his fatal errand to Khartoum, was occasioned rather by a desire to inflict damage upon the government than by any real zeal on behalf of the hero himself. How strangely such people misinterpreted Mr. Forster's character! Again and again during the long agony of the siege, and, above all, during the last days, when the terrible suspense was slowly changing into the dread certainty, I saw how Mr. Forster was moved and agitated by what was happening in Khartoum. So long as

there was any chance of serving Gordon by action in the House of Commons he remained at his post and did his duty there, fearless of the censures of the caucus and the reproaches of the party press. When the end came he was more excited than I ever saw him at any other time. I remember one Saturday afternoon, just after the fall of Khartoum had become known, his bursting into my room full of an idea that Gordon might possibly have escaped by the Blue Nile. It was characteristic of the man that amid his excitement he was determined to be sure of his facts, and he spent hours in consulting maps, Parliamentary papers, books of travel, and the few letters which had been received from the Soudan, before making up his mind that his theory was a sound one. But any one who had seen him then would have known how intensely deep and real was the interest which he showed in Gordon's fate, and how far, how very far, his public action in the matter was from being stimulated by any personal motives of a base or vindictive kind.

It was before this time that he was brought under the heavy censures of the Bradford Liberal Association, because of a remark he made in the House of Commons regarding Mr. Gladstone. In speaking of General Gordon's position at Khartoum, on May 13th, 1884, he said that everybody in the House of Commons, save the prime minister, was convinced that Gordon was in danger, and that the only reason why Mr. Gladstone was not convinced was because of his wonderful power of persuasion: "He can persuade most people of most things, and himself of almost anything." The remark was a perfectly fair criticism upon one of Mr. Gladstone's distinguishing intellectual characteristics, and it showed neither malice nor want of respect. But Lord Hartington thought it necessary to misinterpret the character of Mr. Forster's words, and in heated language he charged him with having made "a bitter personal and evidently highly prepared and long-reflected-over attack upon the sincerity" of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Hartington is a man who deserves credit for the manner in which he plays his part in the warfare of public life, but for once he forgot himself when he made this cruel attack upon Mr. Forster — an attack the effects of which were felt through all the remainder of that statesman's life. So far from it being true that the words which roused the wrath — real or simulated — of Lord Hartington had been "carefully prepared

and long reflected over," it happens — and I speak on indisputable authority — that they first entered Mr. Forster's mind the previous afternoon, when he was discussing General Gordon's despatches with a friend at the Reform Club. The friend remarked to him that he could not understand how Mr. Gladstone could reconcile the repeated assurances of Gordon's safety which he had given to the House of Commons with the general's own words, which he must have had in his possession at the time when he offered those assurances. "Ah," said Forster, "you must not misjudge Gladstone. He is perfectly honest and sincere — perfectly; but he has that wonderful power of convincing himself that certain things are different from what they seem to be to anybody else. *He* believes Gordon to be quite safe, and he really believes it, but he is the only man in England who could persuade himself of that in face of the facts." The next day, in the course of a speech of which only the substance, not the language, had been prepared, Mr. Forster repeated this remark in a more epigrammatic form, and was cruelly misrepresented by Lord Hartington in consequence of doing so. The result to himself was very serious, for the slumbering passions of the Bradford Caucus were awakened, and he was subjected to personal censures and malignant criticisms, of which all that need be said is that those who were responsible for them must now be thoroughly ashamed of their action. The storm raged so fiercely that it would have intimidated any weaker man, but Mr. Forster neither quailed before it, nor indulged in any demonstrations of blatant defiance. He simply bore himself calmly and manfully amid the tempest, maintaining the even tenor of his way as though all was peace around him. The only remark he ever made regarding the speech of Lord Hartington, which had been the signal for this outburst of political intolerance, was made to Lord Hartington himself on the evening on which the incident occurred. "You were very unfair to me to-night," he remarked when they chanced to meet in the lobby, "but you had such a bad case that I suppose you could not help yourself."

It is needless to dwell upon his independence of character, and the moral courage which enabled him to bear without flinching censures which often wounded him very deeply. These are traits which were known to all the world. His physical courage was quite as remarkable as his moral courage; though like most brave

men, he was very unwilling to admit this. During his stay in Ireland, he went about with a disregard of his own safety that shocked the officials and others accustomed to observe the care with which the lives of the representatives of the crown were usually guarded. It is true that he was "under protection," but he himself was not aware of the fact; for he had so strong a dislike to being escorted about by the police, that his family had to make private arrangements for having him watched. In London, he detested the necessity of having his house under a police guard, and only submitted to it in consequence of the peremptory representations of the Home Office. He would sometimes talk humorously of the nervousness of some of his neighbors in Eccleston Square, who evidently thought that their houses might be mistaken for his by the outrage-mongers. At the time of the last dynamite scare, he said: "I have often wondered what I ought to do if on coming home some night from the House, I should find an infernal machine on my doorstep. I've come to the conclusion that the only safe thing to do will be to take the machine up and fling it into the middle of the square; and I'll do that if I have pluck enough not to run away when I first see the thing." Nobody who knew him would admit the possibility of his running away from a danger or a duty. That at least was never accounted to his charge.

I feel strongly that these desultory observations and reminiscences do no justice to the character of Mr. Forster. I am debarred, however, by obvious reasons from speaking of some of the sweetest traits in his character. To his friends his home life must of necessity be sacred. This, however, may be said without any violation of confidences that ought to be respected; it was in his home life, at his own fireside, with those whom he loved with the tenderness of a noble heart, that he was seen at his best. It was with the children for whom he bore more than the love of a father, and with the dear companion of his manhood and his public life, towards whom he cherished a chivalrous devotion that touched all who knew him, that the real man was made visible. No one who knew what Mr. Forster was in his own domestic circle, no one who knew how those around him — his relatives, his servants, his dependents, his humble neighbors — regarded him, will need to be told that the manly strength of his nature, the outward ruggedness of his manner,



the stern and exalted independence of his character, were allied with a gentleness of spirit and a largeness of charity not often to be met with in those who have played a prominent part in the great arena of public life. Of him at least it can never be said that he had either been spoiled by prosperity or soured by trouble.

His last public appearance was a very notable and striking one. The Bradford Liberal Association, in view of the general election, publicly boycotted the eminent man whose name alone gave political importance to the town. It would have nothing to do with his candidature for Central Bradford, the constituency he had selected; and it positively refused to make any arrangements for the delivery of a farewell address to the electors of the whole borough, which for five-and-twenty years he had represented in Parliament. Mr. Forster was left to act for himself, and he did so with the full knowledge that the official Liberals of the borough were doing all they could to prevent the attendance of their fellow-Liberals at his closing meeting. He showed all his accustomed energy in dealing with this crisis. He engaged St. George's Hall — the scene of so many of his appearances before his constituents — and put out large bills inviting the electors to meet their old representative. The date fixed for the meeting was not a happy one. It was Saturday, the 1st of August, and the following Monday was Bank Holiday. Many of those who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been present, had left Bradford on pleasure trips. I was with Mr. Forster an hour before the meeting began, and he expressed his ignorance as to whether he would have many people to hear him or not. He might have spared himself his fears. The great hall was crowded in every part, though hardly one of the prominent Liberals of the town was present, and he had a reception the enthusiasm of which could not have been surpassed. He spoke for more than an hour, and never had I heard him speak so well. The "magnetic quality" of the man imparted itself to his audience; every point he made told; and whenever he touched upon his own position of isolation and independence, the whole audience "rose at him" with shouts of applause. There was one passage in his speech in which he spoke with scorn of intimidation, whether exercised "by king, or Parliament, or mob," which roused the enthusiasm of those present to the highest point; and when he sat down it was amid such cheer-

ing as I never heard before. Little did any one present think that, in closing his career as member for Bradford, he was at the same time closing his public life. In the railway carriage, on the way back to Burley, he talked, with natural pleasure, of the great popular triumph he had secured; but that which pleased him most of all, I think, was the fact that in the hall that afternoon had been one or two of his old friends, who, though they might not see eye to eye with him upon every point, had refused to submit to the dictation of the caucus, and had come to support their illustrious representative. He told me, to my great amazement, that it was not until that same morning that he had been able to put together the rough outlines of his remarkable speech — a review of twenty-five years of Parliamentary life. And when I expressed my surprise at his having deferred the task until the last moment, he explained that his work as chairman of the Manchester Ship Canal Committee had engaged all his time for several weeks past.

It will no doubt interest my readers here if I give them an account of how the last days of his Parliamentary life were spent. His age and the fact that he had held Cabinet office exempted him from service on private bill committees; but his love of work was not to be gainsaid, and when he was offered the chairmanship of the Manchester Ship Canal Committee, he at once accepted it. A more onerous duty could hardly have been imposed upon him. For two successive years the promoters of the canal had been unable to pass their bill for want of time in committee, and they knew that unless they got a very strong man as chairman of the committee, they would fail again. They got such a man in Mr. Forster, but, alas! it was at the cost of his own strength that he served the great community which was interested in this splendid scheme. The day before he spoke at Bradford he was working with his private secretary from half past nine in the morning until a quarter to twelve, getting through his correspondence; then he drove to Westminster, and sat in the committee from twelve till four. After that he attended to business in the House of Commons till five o'clock; then he went to King's Cross and took train for Burley, which he reached at half past eleven at night, having dined in the train. Next morning he prepared his speech, being occupied with it until half past two. After that he saw his son on business matters, and next travelled in



the guard's van of a goods-train to Bradford to address his constituents. He came back to Burley the same night, after the exciting work of his meeting, and next day went up to town. On the Monday morning he was again back at work, first with his correspondence and then with his committee; and after the committee had risen he went at once into the House, and stayed till an early hour on the Tuesday morning. I mention these particulars because they show the energy and the industry which at all times distinguished him. No minister in office ever worked harder than Mr. Forster did when he was simply an independent member.

At that time his health was by no means good. In the previous autumn he had injured the nail of his great toe, and at Christmas he had to undergo a very painful operation, the removal of the nail. For some weeks after that operation he looked very ill, and all his friends were much concerned about his health. It was when he was just recovering from this illness, that the last of the numerous votes of censure which were passed upon him by the Bradford Liberal Association was carried. It did not help to restore his spirits; but the magnificent reception he had from the electors in August acted for a time as a tonic, and all cause of anxiety seemed gone. Alas! his splendid constitution had even then been undermined by the labors, the anxieties, and the vexations of the past five years. He went abroad with Mrs. Forster, and there contracted the illness which eventually proved fatal. It was one of a peculiarly trying character; yet through all its vicissitudes his patience never failed him. I saw him last just three weeks before his death. He was in bed in his room in Ecclestone Square. Though worn and wasted by his long confinement, he was wonderfully cheerful, and his mind was as bright and active as it had ever been. The morning paper was lying on the bed beside him, and he talked with vigor and all his usual acumen on the great question of the hour. He told me that he had no hope of being able to take part in the coming debate. I said he must feel it a great hardship to be lying there at a time when he might have been of so much service elsewhere. "No," he replied, "I do not feel it to be hard. I am reconciled to it now. The fact is, that I find that whilst I am lying here, saying nothing, other people are coming round to the opinions I have long held." That was the last remark I heard from him on public affairs; but he told me of

the pleasure he had felt on receiving a kind letter from one of the officials of the Bradford Liberal Association, with whom in former days his correspondence had not been altogether amiable. It was characteristic of his generous spirit that he was anxious to make known the good feeling which was thus being displayed by one of his old opponents. How clear his mind was, was strikingly shown by an acute criticism which he passed upon a trifling little story that had been read to him whilst he was lying at Torquay. He had detected a flaw in the construction of the plot which had escaped the notice of the critics, but of which the author himself was well aware. With a sad heart I left him, knowing well that his work upon earth was drawing to a close, but little thinking that the end was so near.

The service in Westminster Abbey, with the low pathetic music, the long procession of clergy, the vast crowd of mourners, including some of the greatest in the land, was a striking tribute to the dead statesman's memory. Men of both the great political parties met in that temple of reconciliation to mourn a common loss, and those who loved him felt that he was not being permitted to pass out of sight unrecognized for what he was. But to many of us the scene on the following day was far more striking. The beautiful valley of the Wharfe—that little bit of Arcadia set in the heart of the busy West Riding—was swept by the last storm of the long winter. The moors were white with snow; the sleet fell in pitiless showers, and all signs of the coming spring were blotted from the fields and lanes. But the wild weather had not deterred his neighbors and friends from coming to pay the last honors to the man whom they had loved with no common love. All the people of the valley seemed to have joined that long funeral train, and it was amid a demonstration of grief such as Westminster Abbey itself can seldom have witnessed, that he was laid in his lonely grave on the bare hillside, within sight of the home of his manhood, and of the dwellings of those who had been in very truth "his own people," the simple villagers who had learned to trust him as a friend long before they had been taught to admire him as a statesman. There were few among that vast throng who did not turn away from the open grave feeling that something had gone out of their lives which could never be replaced, and that in William Edward Forster, England had lost one of her noblest sons.

T. WEMYSS REID.

From Good Words.

## THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

## BOOK II.—THE THORNY WAY.

## CHAPTER VII.

## CHRISTIE BAYLE CHANGES HIS MIND.

"HEAVEN help me! What shall I do?" groaned Christie Bayle, as he paced his room hour after hour into the night. A dozen times over he had been on the point of going to Thickers, waking him, and forcing him to declare that he would keep the fearful discovery a secret until something could be done.

"It is too horrible," he said. "Poor Millicent! The disgrace! It would kill her."

He went to the desk and began to examine his papers and his bank-book.

Then he relocked his desk and paced the room again.

"Julie, my poor little child too. The horror and disgrace to rest upon her little innocent head. Oh, it is too dreadful! Will morning never come?"

The hours glided slowly by, and that weary exclamation rose to his lips again and again,—

"Will morning never come?"

It seemed as if it never would be day, but long before the first faint rays had streaked the east he had made his plans.

"It is for her sake; for her child's sake. At whatever cost, I must try and save them."

His first ideas were to go straight to Hallam's house; but such a course would have excited notice. He felt that Millicent would think it strange if he went there early. Time was of the greatest importance, but he felt that he must not be too hasty, so seated himself to try and calm the throbblings of his brain, and to make himself cool and judicial for the task he had in hand.

Soon after seven he walked quietly down-stairs, and took his hat. It would excite no surprise he thought for him to be going for a morning walk, and drawing in a long breath of the sweet, refreshing air, he began to stride up the street.

"How bright and beautiful is thy earth, O God!" he murmured, as the delicious morning sunshine bathed his face, "and how we mar and destroy its beauties with our wretched scheming and plans! Ah! I must not feel like this," he muttered, as a restful hopefulness born of the early day

seemed to be infusing itself throughout his being.

He had no occasion to check the feeling of content and rest, for he had not gone a dozen yards before the whole force of his position flashed upon him. He felt that he was a plotter against the prosperity of the town—that scores of the people whose homes he was passing were beginning the day in happy ignorance that perhaps the savings of a life were in jeopardy. Ought he not to warn them at once, and bid them save what they could out of the fire?

For his conscience smote him, asking him how he, a clergyman, the preacher of truth and justice and innocence, could be going to temporize, almost to join in the fraud by what he was about to do?

"How can I meet my people after this?" he asked himself; and his face grew careworn and lined. The old reproach against him had passed away. No one could have called him too young and boyish-looking now.

"Morning, sir," cried a harsh voice.

Bayle started, and flushed like some guilty creature, for he had come suddenly upon old Gemp as he supposed, though the reverse was really the case.

"Going for a walk, sir?" said Gemp, pointing at him, and scanning his face searchingly.

"Yes, Mr. Gemp. Fine morning, is it not?"

Gemp stood shaving himself with one finger, as the curate passed on, and made a curious, rasping noise as the rough finger passed over the stubble. Then he shook his head and began to follow Bayle slowly and at a long distance.

"I felt as if that man could read my very thoughts," said Bayle, as he went along the street past the bank, and out into the north road that led towards the mill.

He shuddered as he passed the bank, and pictured to himself what would happen if the doors were closed and an excited crowd of depositors were hungering for their money.

"It must be stopped at any cost," he muttered; and once more the sweet, sad face of Millicent seemed to be looking into his for help.

"I ought to have suspected him before," he continued; "but how could I, when even Sir Gordon could see no wrong? Ha! Yes. Perhaps Thickers is mistaken after all. It may be as he said, only suspicion."

His heart seemed like lead, though, the

next moment, as he neared the clerk's house. Thickens was too just, too careful a man to have been wrong.

He stopped, and rapped with his knuckles at the door directly after, to find it opened by Thickens himself, and, as the clerk drew back, he passed in, ignorant of the fact that Gemp was shaving himself with his rough forefinger a hundred yards away, and saying to himself, "Which is it? Thickens going to marry skinny Heathery on the sly; or something wrong? I shan't be long before I know."

The brightness of the morning seemed to be shut out as Thickens closed the door, and followed his visitor into the sitting-room.

"Well, Mr. Bayle," he said, for the curate was silent. "You've come to say something particular."

"Yes," said Bayle firmly. "Thickens, this exposure would be too horrible. It must not take place."

"Ah!" said Thickens in his quiet, grave way; "you're the Hallams' friend."

"I hope I am the friend of every one in this town."

"And you advise me to keep this quiet and let your friends be robbed?"

"Silence, man! How dare you speak to me like that?" cried Bayle furiously, and he took a step in advance. "No, no," he cried, checking himself, and holding out his hand; "we must be calm and sensible over this, Thickens. There must be no temper. Now listen. You remember what I said you must do last night."

"Yes; and I'm going directly after breakfast to Sir Gordon."

"No; I retract my words. You must not go."

"And the people who have been robbed?"

"Wait a few moments, Thickens," cried Bayle, flushing, as he saw that his hand was not taken. "Hear me out. You — yes, surely, you have some respect for Mrs. Hallam — some love for her sweet child."

Thickens nodded.

"Think, then, man, of the horrible disgrace — the ruin that would follow your disclosures."

"Yes; it is very horrid, sir, but I must do my duty. You owned to it last night."

"Yes, man, yes; but surely there are times when we may try and avert some of the horrors that would fall upon the heads of the innocent and true."

"That doesn't sound like what a parson ought to say," said Thickens drily.

Bayle flushed angrily again, but he kept down his wrath.

"James Thickens," he said coldly, "you mistake me."

"No," said Thickens, "you spoke out like a man last night. This morning, sir, you are speaking like Robert Hallam's friend."

"Yes; as his friend — as the friend of his wife; as one who loves his child. Now listen, Thickens. To what amount do you suppose Hallam is a defaulter?"

"How can I tell, sir? It is impossible to say. It can't be hushed up."

"It must, it shall be hushed up," said Bayle sternly. "Now look here; I insist upon your keeping what you know quiet for the present."

Thickens shook his head.

"I did not tell you, but Sir Gordon suspects something to be wrong."

"Sir Gordon does, sir?"

"Yes; he consulted me about the matter."

"Then my course is easy," said Thickens, brightening.

"Not so easy, perhaps, as you think," said Bayle coldly. "You must be silent till I have seen Hallam."

"Seen him, sir? Why, it's giving him warning to escape."

"Seen him and Sir Gordon, James Thickens. It would be a terrible scandal for Dixons' bank if it were known, and utter ruin and disgrace for Hallam."

"Yes," said Thickens, "and he deserves it."

"We must not talk about our deserts, Thickens," said Bayle gravely. "Now listen to me. I find I can realize in a very few days the sum of twenty-four thousand pounds."

Thickens's eyes dilated.

"Whatever amount of that is needed, even to the whole, I am going to place in Robert Hallam's hands, to clear himself and redeem these securities, and then he must leave the town quietly, and in good repute."

"In good repute?"

"For his wife's sake, sir. Do you understand?"

"No," said Thickens quietly. "No man could understand such a sacrifice as that. You mean to say that you are going to give up your fortune — all you have — to save that gambling scoundrel from what he deserves?"

"Yes."

"But, Mr. Bayle —"

"Silence! I have made my plans, sir."

Now, Mr. Thickens, you see that I am not going to defraud the customers of the bank, but to replace their deeds."

"God bless you, sir! I beg your pardon humbly. I'm a poor ignorant brute, with no head for anything but figures and — my fish. And just now I wouldn't take your hand. Mr. Bayle, sir, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive! I honor you, Thickens, as a sterling, honest man — shake hands. There, now you know my plans."

"Oh yes, sir, I understand you!" cried Thickens; "but you must not do that, sir. You must not indeed!"

"I can do as I please with my own, Thickens. Save for my charities, money is of little use to me. There, now I must go. I shall see Hallam as soon as he is at the bank. I will not go to his house, for nothing must be done to excite suspicion. You will help me?"

Thickens hesitated.

"I ask it for Mrs. Hallam's sake — for the sake of Doctor and Mrs. Luttrell. Come, you will help me in this. You came to me for my advice last night. I have changed it during the past few hours. There, I have you on my side?"

"Yes, sir; but you must hold me free with Sir Gordon. Bah! no; I'll take my chance, sir. Yes; I'll help you as you wish."

"I trust you, Thickens," said Bayle quietly.

"And you are determined, sir? — your fortune — all you have?"

"I am determined. I shall see you at the bank about ten."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### BROUGHT BOOK TO BOOK.

"HE — he — he — he — he! how cunning they do think themselves! What jolly owd orstridges they are!" chuckled old Gemp, as he saw Bayle leave the clerk's house, and return home to his breakfast. Dear me! dear me! to think of James Thickens marrying that old maid! Ah well! Of course, he didn't go to her house for nothing!"

He was in the street again, about ten, when the curate came out, and as soon as he saw him, Gemp doubled down one of the side lanes to get round to the church, and secure a good place.

"They won't know in the town till it's over," he chuckled. "Sly trick! He — he — he!"

The old fellow hurried round into the churchyard, getting before Bayle, as he

thought, and posting himself where he could meet the curate coming in at the gate, and give him a look which should mean, "Ah! you can't get over me!"

An observer would have found old Gemp's countenance a study, as he stood there, waiting for Bayle to come, and meaning afterwards to stay and see Thickens and Miss Heathery come in. But from where he stood he could see the bank, and, to his surprise, he saw James Thickens come out on the step, and directly after the curate went up to him and they entered the place together.

Gemp's countenance lengthened, and he began shaving himself directly, his eyes falling upon one of the mouldering old tombstones, upon which he involuntarily read, —

"Lay not up for yourselves treasure —" the rest had mouldered away.

"Where thieves break through and steal," cried Gemp, whose jaw dropped. "They're a-consulting — parson and Sir Gordon — parson and Thickens twiced, parson at the bank — Hallam up to his eyes in debt!"

He reeled, so strong was his emotion, but he recovered himself directly.

"My deeds! my money!" he gasped, "my —"

He could utter no more, for a strange giddiness assailed him, and, after clutching for a moment in the air, he fell down in a fit.

"Yes, he's in his room, sir," said Thickens, meeting Bayle at the bank door. "I'll tell him you are here."

Hallam required no telling. He had seen Bayle come up, and he appeared at the door of his room, so calm and cool that Bayle felt a moment's hesitation.

"Want to see me, Bayle? Business? Come in."

The door closed behind the curate, and James Thickens screwed his face into wrinkles, and buttoned his coat up to the last button, as he seated himself upon his stool.

"Well, what can I do for you, Bayle?" said Hallam, seating himself at his table, after placing a chair for his visitor, which was not taken.

Bayle did not answer, but stood gazing down at the smooth, handsome-looking man, with his artificial smile and easy manner; and it seemed as if the events of the past few years — since he came, so young and inexperienced, to the town — were flitting by him.

"A little money? — a little accommo-

dation?" said Hallam, as his visitor did not speak."

Could Thickens be wrong? No; impossible. Too many little things, that had seemed unimportant before, now grew to a vast significance, and Bayle cast aside his hesitancy, and, taking a step forward, laid his hand upon the table.

"Robert Hallam!" he said, in a low, deep voice, full of emotion, "are you aware of your position — how you stand?"

The manager started slightly, but the spasm passed in a moment, and he said calmly with a smile, —

"My position? How I stand? I do not comprehend you! My dear Bayle, what do you mean?"

The curate gazed in his eyes, a calm, firm, judicial look in his countenance; but Hallam did not flinch. And again the idea flashed across the visitor's mind, "Suppose Thickens should be wrong!"

Again, though, he cast off his hesitation, and spoke out firmly.

"Let me be plain with you, Robert Hallam, and show you the precipice upon whose edge you stand."

"Good heavens, Mr. Bayle! are you ill?" said Hallam in the coolest manner.

"Yes; sick at heart, to find of what treachery to employers, to wife and child, a man like you can be guilty. Hallam, your great sin is discovered! What have you to say?"

"Say?" cried Hallam, laughing scornfully, "say in words that you use so often — 'Who made you a ruler and a judge?' What do you mean?"

"I came neither as ruler nor judge, but as the friend of your wife and child. There — as your friend! Man, it is of no use to dissimulate."

"Dissimulate, sir?"

"Am I to be plainer?" cried Bayle angrily, "and tell you that but for my interposition James Thickens would at this moment be with Sir Gordon and Mr. Dixon, exposing your rascality!"

"My rascality? How dare —"

"Dare!" cried Bayle sternly. "Cast off this contemptible mask, and be frank! Do I not tell you I come as a friend?"

"Then explain yourself."

"I will," said Bayle; and for a few minutes there was a silence almost appalling. The clock upon the mantelpiece ticked loudly; the stool upon which James Thickens sat in the outer office gave a loud scroop; and a large bluebottle fly shut in the room beat itself heavily against the panes in its efforts to escape.

Bayle was alternately flushed and pale.

Hallam, perfectly calm, paler than usual; but beyond seeming hurt and annoyed, there was nothing to indicate the truth of the terrible charge being brought against him.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "why do you not speak?"

Bayle gazed at him wonderingly, for all thought of his innocence had passed away.

"I will speak, Hallam," he said. "Tell me the amount for which the deeds you have abstracted from that safe are pledged."

"The deeds I have abstracted from that safe?" said Hallam, rising slowly, and standing at his full height, with his head thrown back.

"Yes; and in whose place you have installed forgeries, dummies — imitations, if you will."

That blow was too straight — too heavy to be resisted. Hallam dropped back in his chair; and James Thickens, at his desk behind the bank counter, heard the shock, and then fidgeted in his seat, and rubbed his right ear, as he heard Hallam speak of him in a low voice, and say hoarsely, —

"Thickens, then, has told you this?"

"Yes," said Bayle in a lower tone.

"He came to me for advice, and I bade him do his duty."

"Hah!" said Hallam, and his eyes wandered about the room.

"This morning I begged him to wait."

"Hah!" ejaculated Hallam again, and now there was a sharp twittering about his closely shaven lips. "And you said that you came as our friend?"

"I did."

"What do you mean?"

Bayle waited for a few moments, and then said slowly, "If you will redeem those deeds with which you have been entrusted, and go from here and commence a new career of honesty, I will, for your wife and child's sake, find the necessary money."

"You will? You will do this, Bayle?" cried Hallam, extending his hands, which were not taken.

"I have told you I will," said Bayle coldly.

"But — the amount?"

"How many thousands are they pledged for? — to some bank, of course?"

"It was to cover an unfortunate speculation. I —"

"I do not ask you for explanations," said Bayle coldly. "What amount will clear your defalcations?"



"Twenty to twenty-one thousand," said Hallam, watching the effect of his words.

"I will find the money within a week," said Bayle.

"Then all will be kept quiet?"

"Sir Gordon must be told all."

"No, no; there is no need of that. The affairs will be put straight, and matters can go on as before. It was an accident; I could not help it. Stop, man, what are you going to do?"

"Call in Mr. Thickens," said Bayle.

"To expose and degrade me in his eyes!"

Bayle turned upon him with a contemptuous look.

"I expose you? Why, man, but for me you would have been in the hands of the officers by now. Mr. Thickens!"

Thickens got slowly down from his stool and entered the manager's room, where Hallam met his eye with a look that made the clerk think of what would have been his chances of life had opportunity served for him to be silenced forever.

"I have promised Mr. Hallam to find twenty-one thousand pounds within a week—that is to say, the bank warrants for that amount, to enable him to redeem the securities he has pledged."

"And under these circumstances, Mr. Thickens, there is no need for this trouble to be exposed."

"Not to the public perhaps," said Thickens slowly, "but Sir Gordon and Mr. Dixon must know."

"No, no," cried Hallam, "there is no need. Don't you see, man, that the money will be made right?"

"No, sir, I only see one thing," said Thickens sturdily, "and that is that I have my duty to do."

"But you will ruin me, Thickens."

"You've ruined yourself, Mr. Hallam; I've waited too long."

"Stop, Mr. Thickens," said Bayle. "I pay this heavy sum of money to save Mr. Hallam from utter ruin. The bank will be the gainer by twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty-one thousand you offered, sir," said Thickens.

"Exactly. More if it is needed. If you expose this terrible affair to Sir Gordon and Mr. Dixon they may feel it their duty to hand Mr. Hallam over to the hands of justice. He must be saved from that."

"What can I do, sir? There then," said Thickens, "since you put it so I will give way, but only on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"Mr. Hallam must go away from the bank and leave all keys with me and Mr. Trampleasure."

"But what excuse am I to make?" said Hallam huskily.

"I don't think you want teaching how to stop at home for a few days, Mr. Hallam," said Thickens drily; "you can be ill for a little while, it will not be the first time."

"I will agree to anything," said Hallam excitedly, "only save me from that other horror. Bayle, for our old friendship's sake, for the sake of my poor wife and child, save me from that."

"Am I not fighting to save you for their sake?" said Bayle bitterly. "Do you suppose that I am as conscienceless as yourself, and that I do not feel how despicable, how dishonest a part I am playing in hindering James Thickens from exposing your rascality? There, enough of this; let us bring this terribly painful meeting, with its miserable subterfuges, to an end. Thickens is right; you must leave this building at once and not enter it again. He must take all in charge until your successor is found."

"As you will," said Hallam humbly. "There are the keys, Thickens, and I am really ill. When Mr. Bayle brings the money I will help in every way I can. There."

Bayle hesitated a moment, and then mastered his dislike. "Come," he said to Hallam, "there must be no whisper of this trouble in the town. I will walk down with you to your house."

"As my gaoler?" said Hallam with a sneer.

"As another proof of what I am ready to sacrifice to save you," said Bayle. He walked with him as far as his door.

"Stop a moment," said Hallam in a whisper. "You will do this for me, Bayle?"

"I have told you I would," replied the curate coldly.

"And at once?"

"At once."

"You will have to bring me the money. No, you must go up to town with me, and we can redeem the papers. It will be better so."

"As you will," said Bayle. "I have told you that I will help you, will put myself at your service. I will let you know when I can be ready. Rest assured I shall waste no time in removing as much of this shadow as I can from above their heads."

He met Hallam's eyes as he spoke, just

as the latter had been furtively measuring, as it were, his height and strength, and then they parted.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A FEW WORDS ON LOVE.

"WHAT has papa been doing in the lumber-room, mamma?" asked Julia that same evening.

"Examining some of the old furniture there, my dear," said Millicent, looking up with a smile. "I think he is going to have it turned into a play-room for you."

"Oh!" said Julia indifferently; and she turned her thoughtful little face away, while her mother rose with the careworn look that so often sat there giving place to the happy maternal smile that came whenever she was alone with her child.

"Why, Julie darling, you seem so quiet and dull to-night. Your little head is hot. You are not unwell, dear?"

She knelt down beside the child, and drew the soft little head to her shoulder, and laid her cheek to the burning forehead.

"That is nice," said the child, with a sigh of content. "Oh, mamma, it does do me so much good! My head doesn't ache now."

"And did it ache before?"

"Yes, a little," said the child thoughtfully, and turning up her face, she kissed the sweet countenance that was by her side again and again. "I do love you so, mamma."

"Why of course you do, my dear."

"I don't think I love papa."

"Julie!" cried Millicent, starting from her as if she had been stung. "Oh, my child, my child," she continued, with passionate energy, "if you only knew how that hurts me. My darling, you do — you do love him more than you love me."

Julia shook her head, and gazed back full in her mother's eyes, as Millicent held her back at arm's length, and then caught her to her breast, sobbing wildly.

"I do try to love him, mamma," said the child, speaking quickly, in a half-frightened tone; "but when I put my arms round his neck and kiss him he pushes me away. I don't think he loves me; he seems so cross with me. But if it makes you cry, I'm going to try and love him ever so much. There!"

She kissed her mother with all a child's effusion, and nestled close to her.

"He does love you, my darling," said Millicent, holding the child tightly to her,

"as dearly as he loves me, and I'm going to tell you why papa looks so serious sometimes. It is because he has so many business cares and troubles."

"But why does papa have so many business cares and troubles?" said the child, throwing back her head, and beginning to toy with her mother's beautiful hair.

"Because he has to think about making money, and saving, so as to make us independent, my darling. It is because he loves us so that he works so hard and is so serious."

"I wish he would not," said the child. "I wish he would love me ever so instead, as Mr. Bayle does. Mamma, why has not Mr. Bayle been here to-day?"

"I don't know, my child; he has been away perhaps."

"But he did come to the door with papa, and then did not come in."

"Maybe he is busy, my dear."

"Oh! I do wish people would not be busy," said the child pettishly; "it makes them so disagreeable. Thibs is always being busy, and then, oh! she is so cross."

"Why, Julie, you want people always to be laughing and playing with you."

"No, no, mamma, I like to work sometimes — with Mr. Bayle and learn, and so I do like the lessons I learn with you. You never look cross at me, and Mr. Bayle never does."

"But, my darling, the world could not go on if people were never serious. Why, the sun does not always shine, there are clouds over it sometimes."

"But it's always shining behind the clouds, Mr. Bayle says."

"And so is papa's love for his darling shining behind the clouds — the serious looks that come upon his face," cried Millicent. "There, you must remember that."

"Yes," said the child, nodding, and drawing two clusters of curls away from her mother's face to look up at it laughingly and then kiss her again and again.

"Oh, how pretty you are, mamma! I never saw any one with a face like yours."

"Silence, little nonsense-talker," cried Millicent, with her face all happy smiles, and the old look of her unmarried life coming back as she returned the child's caresses.

"I never did," continued Julia, tracing the outlines of the countenance that bent over her, with one rosy finger. "Grandma's is very, very nice, and I like grandpa's face, even if it is very rough. Mamma!"

"Well, my darling."

"Does papa love you very, very much?"

"Very, very much, my darling," said her mother proudly.

"And do you love him very, very much?"

"Heaven only knows how dearly," said Millicent in a deep, low voice that came from her heart.

"But does papa know too?"

"Why, of course, my darling."

"I wish he would not say such cross things to you sometimes."

"Yes, we both wish he had not so much trouble. Why, what a little babbler it is to-night! Have you any more questions to ask before we go up and fetch papa down and play to him?"

"Don't go yet," cried the child. "I like to talk to you this way, it's so nice. I say, mamma, do people get married because they love one another?"

"Hush, hush! what next?" said Millicent, smiling, as she laid her hand upon the child's lips. "Of course, of course."

Julie caught the hand in hers, kissed it, and held it fast.

"Why does not Mr. Bayle love some one?"

A curious fixed look came over Millicent's face, and she gazed down at her child in a half-frightened way.

"He will some day," she said at last.

"No, he won't," said the child, shaking her head and looking very wise.

"Why, what nonsense is this, Julie?"

"I asked him one day when we were sitting out in the woods, and he looked at me almost like papa does, and then I do believe he was going to cry, but he didn't; he jumped up and laughed, and called me a little chatterer, and made me run till I was out of breath. But I asked him though."

"You asked him?"

"Yes; I asked him if he would marry a beautiful lady some day, as beautiful as you are, and he took me in his arms and kissed me, and said that he never should, because he had got a little girl to love—he meant me. And oh! here's papa; let's tell him. No, I don't think I will. I don't think he likes Mr. Bayle."

Millicent rose from her knees, as Hallam entered the room, looking haggard and frowning. He glanced from one to the other, and then caught sight of himself in the glass, and saw that there was a patch as of lime or mortar upon his coat.

He brushed it off quickly, being always

scrupulously particular about his clothes, and then came towards them.

"Send that child away," he said harshly. "I want to be quiet."

Millicent bent down smiling over the child, and kissed her.

"Go to Thisbe, now, my darling," she whispered; "but say good-night first to papa, and then you will not have to come to him again. Perhaps he may be out."

The child's face became grave with a gravity beyond its years. It was the mother's young face repeated, with Hallam's dark hair and eyes.

She advanced to him, timidly putting out her hand, and bending forward with that sweetly innocent look of a child ready so trustingly to give itself into your arms as it asks for a caress.

"Good-night, papa dear," she cried, in her little silvery voice.

"Good-night, Julie, good-night," he said abruptly; and he just patted her head, and was turning away, when he caught sight of the disappointed, troubled look coming over her countenance, paused half wonderingly, and then bent down and extended his hands to her.

There was a quick hysteric cry, a passionate sob or two, and the child bounded into his arms, flung her arms round his neck, and kissed him, his lips, his cheeks, his eyes, again and again, in a quick, excited manner.

Hallam's countenance wore a look of half-contemptuous doubt for a moment, as he glanced at his wife, and then the good that was in him mastered the ill. His face flushed, a spasm twitched it, and clasping his child to his breast, he held her there for a few moments, then kissed her tenderly, and set her down, her hair tumbled, her eyes wet, but her sweet countenance irradiated with joy, as, clapping her hands, she cried out,—

"Papa loves—he loves me, he loves me! I am so happy now."

Then half mad with childish joy, she turned, kissed her hands to both, and bounded out of the room.

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From The National Review.

#### THE FAME OF TURNER.

THE story of a man's career begins with the individualities of his parents. In his father and mother unite two streams of cause which have been nearing each other for ages, and their union brings about a result which is absolutely new. The

histories of great men seem to hint that while parents who are commonplace seldom or never produce remarkable children, those who have become great themselves rarely transmit their greatness to their offspring. The most promising union, in this respect, seems to be one between those who have capabilities, either of intellect or character, which have not been exhausted by use. A curiously large proportion of the parents of celebrities have belonged to this category; have been, that is, men and women of whom their friends have said, "They could do anything if they tried!" The father and mother of Turner were scarcely of these, but they were by no means nonentities; and as the peculiarities of both seem to have had a strong bearing on Turner's individuality as an artist, I cannot here do better than begin by repeating what is known about them.

William Turner, the elder — for the painter, too, was William at home — was a barber in Maiden Lane. He was of Devonshire extraction, but was settled in London certainly before the birth of his son. Many stories of him have come down to us, for he did not die till Turner was fifty-five, and for a quarter of a century he was an inmate of the artist's home. He was small, active, and untiring. His parsimony is vouched for by a host of tales, such as that which narrates his pursuit into the Strand of a customer whom he had neglected to mulct in a halfpenny for soap. And his energy must have been as great as his regard for the pence, for during many months he walked up daily from Twickenham, in the early morning, to open his son's gallery in Queen Anne Street, only giving up the practice when he found that for a glass of gin he could get a market gardener to take him on the top of his cabbages. During the day he divided his time between straining his son's canvasses, doing odd jobs about the house, and keeping an eye on the shillings which came in from visits to the gallery. I am credibly informed that in this last little matter the arrangement was that half the fees should go to the painter himself, the other half to old Mr. Turner or to Hannah Danby — whichever might show the visitor out! But in all this the old man was only putting the virtues of his class into practice. He was merely projecting conduct that was necessary in Maiden Lane into a *milieu* where it was out of place. Without inquiring too deeply into motives, we may acknowledge, with Mr. Hamerton, that the relations between

the two men, especially after the younger had become famous, form quite the prettiest part of the life story of either. But their influence upon the artist's career was, I think, almost wholly unfortunate.

For want of material, Turner's mother must be dismissed in a very few words. Her maiden name was Mary Marshall, and there is a vague story connecting her with an old Nottinghamshire family. But all we know for certain is that she was a person of strong will and furious temper, and that in her old age she became insane, and passed some months in Bethlehem Hospital. The ground for this last statement is an entry in the books of the hospital, by which it appears that a Mary Turner was admitted from the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, on December 27th, 1800, and that one of her sponsors was a member of old William Turner's profession.\*

There is among the water-colors by Turner, in what Mr. Ruskin calls the cellar of the National Gallery, a drawing of an interior, a bare, cellar-like kitchen, with an old woman bent over a smouldering fire. The drawing has a strangely weird fascination of its own. It is an early one, and very simple; but as we look the conviction is borne in upon us that the shadowy desolation of the room is to the mind of the figure crouching over the dying embers. This figure seems to be the centre of a desert of its own making, and tradition declares it to be that of Turner's mother. The only verbal description we have of her comes at third hand. We gather from it that a strong likeness was to be traced between mother and son.

In the parentage of Turner we find, then, nervous excitability crossed with the essential but ignoble virtues of the lower middle class. The strain which drove his mother to madness was in part corrected by the narrower, more positive, and more wiry mind of his father, and in judging its effects we must remember that the equilibrium between the two was not to be kept till the end, for the painter's conduct in his last years is scarcely to be reconciled with complete sanity. Perhaps, too, Turner's most unlovely characteristic, his Shylock-like determination to have more than his bond, is to be traced to the union of his father's economy with his mother's unbalanced mind. In all lives of Turner stories are told which show that no small part of his mental

\* Turner. By W. Cosmo Monkhouse.

energy must have been consumed in devising tricks — for they are nothing else — by which a few doubtful guineas might be added to his hoard. Soon after the painter's death the late John Pye, the engraver, set to work to collect material for a book on the "*Liber Studiorum*." He wrote to most of those who had been concerned, directly or indirectly, in its production, and from nearly all he drew stories of the author's sharp practice. One of these I may repeat here because it brings Turner's peculiar views on trade into strong relief, and confirms the notion that they were partly due to a mental taint. The story is told in a letter from Mr. D. Colnaghi, dated 30th July, 1852. "About four years since," he says, "I received an order for a set of the '*Liber*.' As usual, I sent to his house for it, with the money. He was not in London, but his housekeeper furnished my messenger with a copy, but had received orders from her master not to allow more than five per cent. discount. The money (£14) was of course paid, and I thought no more about the transaction. But some five or six weeks after I received a visit from Mr. Turner, and in his rather uncourteous manner he said, 'You owe me fourteen shillings!' 'I was not aware of being indebted to you!' said I. He explained that before he had left town he *had made up his mind* not to make any allowance to the trade on sales. He acknowledged that he was not quite certain of having mentioned this determination of his to his housekeeper, but he still thought I owed him the money." Mr. Colnaghi held out the shillings to him. "No, not this time," said Turner; "but recollect, in future, no discount to the trade." "But," said the dealer, "in that case, how are we to live?" "That's no affair of mine," answered the painter, upon which the two shook hands and never met again.

Such a story is only one of many which show the inflexibility of Turner's mental powers outside his art. His regard for money was of the true miser kind. It was the yellow gold he loved, and in clutching at it he threw away possibilities of greater profit again and again. No doubt there are stories which speak of great but isolated deeds of generosity in his career, such as the well-known but unsubstantial tale which declares he once lent twenty thousand pounds, unsolicited, and without security. But the story, if true, only helps to confirm the notion that Turner's miserliness was a form of madness, rather than a reasoned determination to get

money, and as much of it as he could. His regard for it was akin to that of those eccentric collectors who die and leave their homes choked with rubbish that a Paris chiffonnier would scarcely stoop to pick up. Pye tells us that, rather than part with cash, he paid the woman who stitched the numbers of the "*Liber*" together with a few of the prints themselves, and these, of course, she sold at a price which, though it paid her, depreciated the value of the regular publication. It is well known, too, that Turner did not see the necessity of honesty, in his dealings as a man of business with the "great stupid public" whose guineas he coveted. Into that, however, I need not enter here. I have said enough for my immediate purpose, which is to show that in his intercourse with his fellow-men the tradesmanship of his father combined with the unreason of his mother to set up a barrier of mutual distrust. From first to last that barrier was never broken down, and to its existence may, I believe, be in a great part ascribed those defects in Turner as an artist which have prevented his fame from being fully accepted outside his native country. Of those defects we must speak presently; but first let us look at his achievement.

The day of Turner's birth was the 23rd of April — St. George's Day, as it delights Mr. Ruskin to remember — in 1775; and a date more propitious for the first appearance of a genius who should choose landscape painting for his vehicle could hardly have been chosen. Artificial landscape, which had begun with the backgrounds of the Italian pre-Raphaelites and had arrived at its zenith in Claude, had said its say, and, after a short afterglow in the English work of Richard Wilson, had sunk to its death. The name of Claude was a power, and men enough were employed in making pasticcios after him; but there was no vital art based on the principles he followed. In the year 1800, it may fairly be said, landscape painting was extinct on the continent of Europe. The fire which had burned so long had been allowed to die out, and nothing was left but to rekindle it on a new hearth and with new fuel. And conditions to allow of this had long been preparing in England. For years a body of modest, half-conscious artists had been employed, not on landscapes as art, but on topographical drawings, which were hung in country houses and reproduced in county histories. And these men had devised a vehicle exactly suited to what



they had to say. They worked with a lead-pencil or a pen, and two or three simple colors — Prussian blue, Indian ink, and gamboge — which they spread with water, in broad, simple tints. The works thus produced were called washed drawings. Their commencement with pencil or pen required a corresponding attention to detail in the artist, while the mode of their completion exercised and tested his power to give coherence to his work. In most cases they included both landscape proper and architecture. The first was good practice in breadth, the second in precision. And as they were mostly commissions from those with whom art merits held a subordinate place, they required continual and painful reference to fact. It was the story of Antæus over again. Landscape had exhausted its force in its long stay in the rarefied air into which it had been raised by Claude, and the foundations for a new vitality had to be laid. This was done by the sojourn among the humbler facts of nature of the crowd of forgotten draughtsmen, to whom Turner and Girtin were the heirs. The collections at South Kensington and the cases of the British Museum show how many these were. The demand for illustrative pictures of the face of England was great a century ago, and it had to be supplied without help from science. Antiquaries and county historians swarmed. Their folios and quartos were published by subscription, and the subscribers liked to find engravings of their country houses, dedicated to themselves, when they turned over the pages. So great, in fact, does activity in this branch of art seem to have been, that a certain, though modest, income was at the command of every man with any pretension to talent, who cared to devote himself to it. He would begin, as Turner did, with putting backgrounds to architects' perspectives, and if he had genius, he might in the end produce monumental works without going beyond the limits of a "washed drawing." Turner was by no means precocious. Such stories as are told of the boyhoods of Lawrence, Landseer, and Millais, cannot be told of his. The characteristics of his early work are suggestive of patience, and other sterling qualities, rather than of a brilliant genius. During their joint lives he was left far behind by Girtin; and if a comparison made in the year of the latter's death, when he was twenty-seven \*

and Turner twenty-five, might be taken as a promise of how they would stand towards each other twenty years later, then Turner was telling the bare truth when he set himself below Tom Girtin.

As an artist, Turner may be said to have blossomed in 1800. Up to that time he had been making acquaintance with his tools, and training his hand to their use. He had been a pupil of Sir Joshua's for a time, and had acquired enough facility in the use of oil to paint his own portrait, and he had been steadily drawing English landscapes and English architecture, and doing it with a care in which much restraint of hand and fancy is traceable. Suddenly, in 1800 he seems to have lifted his eyes from his paper and fixed them finally on the shifting beauty of the world. Up to this time his thought has been given to the balance and truth of his results, but from henceforth he seems to live in the nature at which he gazes. In the process of digestion and selection he is now, and for the rest of his life, governed by a notion diametrically opposed to that of all great painters before him. He selects, rejects, and simplifies, as every painter must, but he does it on a principle that was new to art. He does it, not to enhance the unity of his picture, but to increase its comprehensiveness. His method is, not to remember the material limits of his instrument, and so to bring nature within its easy reach, but so to stretch and expand the powers of paint as to give hints, at least, of beauties which had never been put on canvas or paper before. When he sets up his easel before Kilchurn Castle, for instance, he sets his mind to work, not to select from the scene before him those characteristics which tend towards a single impression, but rather to introduce foreign elements; to take features from a distance, to bring in forms which had caught his fancy the day before, or the day before that. In short, his "Kilchurn" is not an impression from the scene, in which some one effect is forced to its highest power by selection and simplification, but a short epitome of the Highlands, into which genius has put as much of its encyclopædic knowledge as the space would hold.

Here we have the principle which Turner followed for thirty years of his life. It is one upon which none but a phenomenal mind could work with success. It requires the eye of a hawk, a limitless

\* Girtin's gravestone in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, gives his age as 27, his death occurring on November 9th, 1802. But his birth is always said to have taken

place on February 18th, 1773, which would make him 29 years and 9 months old when he died.

memory, and a sensibility so deep as to be dangerous to its owner. All these it found in Turner; and it found, besides, a material environment which allowed a long life to be wholly devoted to its illustration. All these conditions came together to give to the man who enjoyed them a position apart from all other painters, and to earn for him the quasi worship he enjoys in his native country. But we cannot blind ourselves to the facts that it finds but a slight echo in the Latin mind, and that this worship comes mainly from those whose artistic training has been considerable rather than severe. The cause of this will be discussed in a moment.

To put Turner's achievements, then, as shortly as I can, it was, I think, the gift to civilization of a new world to master. He opened the gates and explored what was beyond them, but he did not finally conquer, organize, and administer. He led the way from the grey fields, the solemn seas and woods, of the old art to the jewelled color, the teeming distances, and palpitating sunshine of the new, but he left the conquest to be completed in a future which may never come.

The limits of landscape before Turner have been set before the world once and for all by the most eloquent pen of our century. With knowledge and sympathy scarcely less than his hero's, Mr. Ruskin has explained how narrow, objectively, was the work of the old painters, while every roll of Turner's brush is pregnant with the realities of things. He has had no difficulty in convincing the English world, at least, that Turner found a great art hide-bound, and set it free; that to his pictures he brought a minute knowledge of nature, and a delicate sensibility to her subtlest moods, which had never before found expression in art; that no eye so keen, no sympathy so wide, no brain so retentive as his had ever yet left their records in paint. None of this can be gainsaid, and it affords such justification as there can be for heroic assertions like these: "J. M. W. Turner is the only man who has ever given an entire transcript of the whole system of nature, and is, in this point of view, the only perfect landscape painter the world has ever seen," and "We have had living with us, and painting for us, the greatest painter of all time, a man with whose supremacy of power no intellect of past ages can be put into comparison for a moment." And again: "Glorious in conception, unfathomable in knowledge, solitary in power, with the elements waiting upon his will,

and the night and morning obedient to his call, sent as a prophet of God to reveal to men the mysteries of the universe, standing like the great Angel of the Apocalypse clothed with a cloud, and with a rainbow upon his head, and with the sun and stars given into his hand." In his single activity, Turner did, in fact, explore the whole width of the field open to the landscape-painter, but he also gave an instance of the danger which waits upon genius, and showed how easy it is to forget the first law for the artist: that, as he is dependent upon material, he should be patient with its incapacities.

So far we have endeavored to suggest the world, for it was no less, embraced by Turner within the scope of his mind, and the power of his sensibility. It remains to notice those defects in his art which are sure, in the long run, to affect profoundly his fame. So far as such things may be traced at all, these shortcomings may be ascribed to the solitariness and want of trust in humanity which came to him with the narrowness of his father. In all that he took from nature alone, Turner is great. It is only when he comes to add man to it, to clothe his knowledge in the old elaborate human language of art, that he fails. Let me quote a page from Fromentin, in which that most vivid of critics describes the art of a man whose range was insignificant, indeed, beside Turner's. It will give a better idea than I can hope to convey of what we miss even in the best things of the English painter:—

Il y a dans Ruysdael un homme qui pense, et dans chacun de ses ouvrages une conception. Aussi savant dans son genre que le plus savant de ses compatriotes, aussi naturellement doué, plus réfléchi, et plus ému, mieux qu'aucun autre, il ajoute à ses dons un *équilibre qui fait l'unité de l'œuvre et la perfection des œuvres*. Vous apercevez dans ses tableaux comme un air de plénitude, de certitude, de paix profonde, qui est le caractère distinctif de sa personne, et qui prouve que l'accord n'a pas un seul moment cessé de régner entre ses belles facultés natives, sa grande expérience, sa sensibilité toujours vive, sa réflexion toujours présente.

Ruysdael peint comme il pense, sainement, fortement, largement. La qualité extérieure du travail indique assez bien l'allure ordinaire de son esprit. Il y a dans cette peinture sobre, soucieuse, un peu fière, je ne sais quelle hauteur attristée qui s'annonce de loin et de près, vous captive par un charme de simplicité naturelle, et de noble familiarité tout-à-fait à lui; une toile de Ruysdael est un tout où l'on sent une ordonnance, *une vue d'ensemble, une invention maîtresse; la volonté de peindre une fois pour*

*toute un des traits de son pays, peut-être bien aussi le désir de fixer le souvenir d'un moment de sa vie. Un fonds solide, un besoin de construire et d'organiser, de subordonner le détail à des ensembles, la couleur à des effets, l'intérêt des choses au plan qu'elles occupent; une parfaite connaissance des lois naturelles et des lois techniques; avec cela un certain dédain pour l'inutile, le trop agréable, et le superflu, un grand goût avec un grand sens, une main fort calme, avec le cœur qui bat, tel est à peu près ce qu'on découvre à l'analyse dans un tableau de Ruysdael.*

The passages in italics describe the qualities which seem to me to be absent from Turner's work. His most famous, and in some respects his best pictures, remind one that *qui trop embrasse, mal étreint*. It is characteristic of his art that in scarcely an instance does he concentrate his subject in the middle of his canvas. His aim is to comprise, and in following it he continually loses sight of those modest virtues which are necessary to the perennial fame of a work of art. Technically, of course, he was a much better worker in water-color than in oil. His sympathies were really given to the lighter medium, which he may almost be said to have created. Whatever he is about, he never seems to forget its future, or its true capacities. From the collection now at Burlington House a certain number of drawings could be chosen which would put him on a higher pinnacle, as an artist pure and simple, than any of his pictures, with perhaps two exceptions. But they would not, I think, be those on which many have fastened for special praise. Such drawings as Mr. Ruskin's "Splügen," Mr. Brocklebank's "Constance," Mr. Hawksworth's "Chain Bridge over the Tees," come nearer than any other man has come to painting what is, in truth, unpaintable. But, after all, even from the imitative standpoint, they suggest their shortcomings more strongly than their sufficiency, while they have little of the profound peace and coherence of art. As pictures, they seem to me to be left far behind, not only by "Rivaulx Abbey," but by such a modest thing as "The Lonely Dell in Wharfedale." The space assigned to me here will not allow of the full discussion of all the points thus raised, and I must be content to conclude this paper with stating shortly why I think the fame of Turner has seen its best days in this country, and is never likely to be fully acquiesced in abroad. In the first place, he had little intrinsic sympathy with a work of art *per se*. This is shown not only by his carelessness as

to method, and his readiness to put his brush to tasks it could not fully master, but by such practical matters as allowing his pictures to hang for years in the damp, and even by such an apparently trivial thing as his readiness to crumple up a drawing in his pocket. The indifference as to method into which this led him may be seen in many of the finest of his pictures in Trafalgar Square, where oil is often mixed with water-color, and, at least in one instance, an accessory is cut out with scissors from a piece of colored paper and stuck on to the surface of the canvas. Secondly, his imagination had little of that imperious desire to organize which is the distinctive mark of the creator. Mr. Ruskin himself allows that some Turners, "The Bay of Baiæ" among them, contain material for six pictures, and it may be added that scarcely one among them is the expression of one thought, the monument of a single moment. Turner has been called the Shakespeare of landscape, but in his *œuvre* there is no "Othello." In all he did there are passages of exquisite beauty and truth; but more, perhaps, than any other who has won such fame as his, was he blind to the expressive power of form.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

BY AN OLD PUPIL.

THE crowd which gathered round the open grave in the Abbey on April the second was not nearly so large as that which attended the funeral of Dr. Trench's successor, Arthur Stanley, on the twenty-fifth of July, 1881. Yet the pathos was felt probably by all who were present on both occasions to be at least as deep and strong. Stanley had been dean for seventeen years, and died in the midst of his work, walking feebly from the Abbey pulpit into his house, and lying down straightway upon the bed from which he did not rise again. Trench was dean not half so long, and then left England for twenty years. Except by his readers, and by those who took interest in watching the affairs of the Irish Church, he was almost forgotten. He was a far deeper theologian than Stanley, and a more exact scholar; but he was shy and retiring, instead of eager for the fray of religious controversy, and he was forced against his will to be one of the leaders of a forlorn hope. And yet, when the history of the Church of the

nineteenth century comes to be written, his monument will find a high place as that of a brave, noble, deeply revered man. We felt that no happier choice of a hymn could have been made than that which was sung at the end of the funeral service —

Now the laborer's task is o'er;  
Now the battle day is past.

Instead of reviewing the history of his long life, I purpose, in the present short tribute to his memory, to set down a few reminiscences of a comparatively small portion of it. I came to know him personally about two-and-thirty years ago, and the love and honor with which he at once inspired me have caused me to read his writings and to watch his doings with interest ever since. And first I will say that he was the best *teacher* I ever knew. He was professor of New Testament exegesis in King's College, London, and no one who heard a single lecture of his will ever forget it — the sight of his large, heavy form and massive head, or the tones of his earnest, solemn voice. Those who only heard him as a preacher will hardly form a satisfactory judgment. A sentence or two quietly uttered, then — as the speaker grew eager and impressed with the mighty importance of his theme — words hurried into one great indistinct utterance, the sound of which could be heard in the largest buildings, but the words themselves not twenty yards from him; such was Archbishop Trench as a preacher. But at the lecturer's desk it was as different as could be. First, he was felt to be in the closest sympathy with his pupils, as eager to teach them as they were to be taught. He used carefully to make up each sentence and say it to himself silently with his lips — I have watched him often — before uttering it. Consequently you were never at a loss as to what he meant, nor obliged to put it into shape; he had done that for you. Nothing remained for you but to take his idea exactly as he presented it and put it down in the note-book. When the lecture was over you felt that you had got a large addition to your store of Biblical knowledge. A remarkable proof of this is furnished to me in the fact that I find in my note-books, almost word for word, whole passages which appear in his "Studies of the New Testament," published after he had retired from the college.

And the material itself? In the first place, Trench was deeply read in the Fathers; probably he knew Augustine better than any man of his time. We therefore

got much of him, and also of Chrysostom. But he was also thoroughly imbued with German theology, a taste he probably got from Julius Hare. Clark's Foreign Theological Library has now made such writers as Olshausen familiar to English readers. Not until the English translations of that writer and of Bengel were published was it seen how Trench had drawn from those authors, reconstructing the ideas and throwing all sorts of side lights upon them from patristic sources.

There were, however, two men who, beyond all others, influenced Trench's mind. One saw signs of it in his manner and voice, as well as in his writings. They were Maurice and Samuel Wilberforce. With the former he was intimate in his undergraduate days; he was ordained as curate to the latter. The two mentors were indeed in those days thoroughly in accord, though they differed widely enough on some points afterwards. Wilberforce's early sermons were greatly inspired by Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," and he was frequently a listener at Lincoln's Inn Chapel on Sunday afternoons in Maurice's last days. No wonder, therefore, that the influence of the latter remained strong upon Trench, who became his colleague at King's College, and accepted his invitation to join him when he founded Queen's College in Harley Street. Presently came the divergence between the two chiefs. Maurice, repelled in the first instance by Dr. Pusey's tract on baptism, fell back from the High Church movement, while Wilberforce, led on by his two brothers and by others, advanced to the post of chief of the party. At one time he was almost omnipotent in the House of Bishops; even those who differed from him, like the two Sumners and Thirlwall, yielded themselves to his marvellous influence. It was Tait who, entering the Upper House of Convocation in an apparently hopeless minority, gradually broke the spell and became far more powerful. Trench had become Wilberforce's examining chaplain when the latter was made Bishop of Oxford, and as he naturally remained in intimate and affectionate friendship with him, the tie with Maurice was of necessity somewhat loosened. Yet it is remarkable how strongly the old influence revived. To take only one instance — in Trench's "Westminster Abbey Sermons," preached at a time when controversy was running high concerning the doctrine of the atonement, the sermon on the Lamb of God follows closely the line taken in Maurice's "Theological

Essays," in setting aside the notion of the penal character of Christ's sufferings, and placing all the satisfaction in the loving obedience and self-sacrifice.

We may say here that Trench's influence reacted on Bishop Wilberforce. The bishop, in his most High Church days, never cast away his Lutheran views of justification; the Protestantism of Trench was powerful, because founded on the deepest conviction, and he always made it felt.

As a preacher, we have said, he was not great. He was defective for the reason stated. But as a writer of sermons he stands probably in the front rank. It is not easy to judge of a man's published works when one knows the man himself, and possibly the sense of Dr. Trench's personal goodness, which is never absent when reading him, may prejudice me. But I regard his two volumes, "Westminster Abbey Sermons" and "Sermons preached in Dublin," as the very model of what such compositions ought to be, — refined and pure in diction, but not so polished as to take all the force out of them, full of thought and suggestion, arranged in such a way that the hearer follows without difficulty, and takes in the points as they are unrolled one after the other, and the whole pervaded by an earnestness and reality sure to impress. Pastoral, no doubt, with here and there a bit of mediæval fancy such as sober taste might lead us to avoid, but by no means marked by allegorical and far-fetched interpretations. Trench had too much common sense, and also too much religious earnestness, to be drawn aside after ornaments of tinsel.

He began his career as a poet, if I am not mistaken, under the editorship of Maurice. The latter in 1840 undertook the editorship of the *Educational Magazine*, and some of the "Poems from Eastern Sources" appeared in the first number. His poetry is extremely pleasing, and will probably hold its place in our anthology. To begin with, is it not a merit which in these days should place a poet on a high pinnacle that he is actually intelligible? One would almost imagine from a study of the superior criticism of the nineteenth century that it was a drawback to the greatness of Milton and Pope and Cowper, that after you have read them you actually understand what they mean. Of course such a quality may be the result of poverty of ideas; they are naked, therefore you see them. But assuredly unintelligibility does not prove

the converse, though we are often requested to think so. Trench was always a passionate admirer of Wordsworth, but his verse is not largely inspired by that admiration. For he was more of a reader than the Lake poet; his omnivorous and unceasing studies furnished much of his subject matter; and though his appreciation of natural scenery was strong, his attachment to human life and activity was stronger. The earnest Biblical student was keenly alive to current events, as his poems on the Indian struggles and the Russian war bear witness. It is well known that early in life he formed a scheme with Sterling, Kemble, and others, to go to Spain, and fight for its emancipation from the tyranny of Ferdinand the Seventh. It was as wild as Wordsworth's passion for the French Revolution, and as generous in intention. One is not surprised to find him eager on behalf of the Poles, and fierce against the emperor Nicholas. In fact it is a characteristic of the man that should be emphatically dwelt upon, this sympathy with the active, busy world, while all through life he loved his library so intensely.

Three elements there were which made him a true poet, fullness of thought, earnestness of sympathy, beauty of expression. His sonnets, which are many in number, will rank high, but there is an exquisite charm about his narrative pieces, such as "Honor Neale," which almost deserves a place beside "Enoch Arden" itself, so fine is it in diction, so full of tenderness. In truth the two authors are not unlike each other in that they possess, with all their gentleness, such strength. One of the biographies of the late archbishop has mentioned his "grimness" of manner. The expression was not untrue, though even those who only saw him at a distance were able to discern a loving heart beneath. But it was a terrible thing to see him angry. I can remember two unfortunate men at different times breaking down in Greek Testament, and being pulverized by him. I believe they would rather have been in a railway accident than run the risk even of another flash of his eyes.

Probably he was always of a sad temperament constitutionally. At least his face when in repose indicated as much, and so do his poems, taken as a whole. But he had a keen enough sense of fun. He was a great novel-reader, and there are a good many of his *bons mots* on record. One, which being of a clerical character may be quoted here, comes from



Canon Cureton. Mr. Cureton, then rector of St. Margaret's, was to preach in his regular rotation at the Abbey on a certain saint's day. In those days the boys of Westminster School used to attend service on holy days, after which there was a holiday. Mr. Cureton was looking over his sermon at breakfast time, when his son accosted him with much anxiety of manner. "Father, is yours a long sermon to-day?" "No, Jemmy, not very." "But how long? Please tell me." "Well, about twenty minutes, I should say, Jemmy. Why are you so anxious?" "Because, father, the boys say they will thrash me infernally if you are more than half an hour!" In the course of the morning Cureton met the dean and told him. "Dear, dear," responded Trench, with his usual sad, far-off look, "what a pity Wordsworth has no sons in the school!" Old worshippers at the Abbey will remember how merciless good Canon Wordsworth was. We never got off under an hour, sometimes an hour and a half.

The years which he spent as Archbishop of Dublin were years of labor, of anxiety, but not of unhappiness. He knew when he accepted the Irish primacy that the storm was impending. His melancholy and shyness might have marked him off as one of the most unfit men in the world for such a crisis, but he astonished his friends by his courage, his calmness, and wisdom. He did his best to parry the blow, but when it fell he resolutely set to work to preserve the ancient historic traditions of his Church, to see that it remained identical in doctrine and discipline with the Church of Jeremy Taylor, of Ussher, of Mant. And all agree that he succeeded; friends and foes honored him for his steadfastness and moderation, and probably the Irish Church owes more to him than to any man of his time. At length his health failed. He felt that there was no more work left for him to do in Ireland, and he returned to England, to the scenes connected with so many happy years, having realized what he so often expressed in his poetry, that sorrow and anxiety are amongst God's greatest purifiers. So long as he was able, he loved best to be in the Abbey and the precincts, to stroll in the cloisters, to be in the choir at prayers. And ever there was upon his face a sweet and patient gentleness. The last time I saw him he was talking brightly and happily at the door of his publishers. "What an affectionate face the old archbishop has!" I said to the head of the firm afterwards. "All the years that we have

published for him," was the answer, "he has always been the same, and we have had nothing but consideration from him."

It was wise and thoughtful of Dean Bradley to choose the centre of the nave for his grave. Thirty years ago no attempt had been made to utilize this nave for religious purposes. Sight-seers strolled about in it, and gaped admiringly at ugly monuments, and that was all. It was Dean Trench who resolved to use the great space for worship, and in the end of 1857 the experiment was tried. The vast crowds that flock thither show that the experiment succeeded, and the example thus set has since been followed in most of the cathedrals in England. Let those crowds, as Sunday after Sunday they tread the stone that covers him, be his monument.

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From The Spectator.

#### MUSICAL LITERATURE.

THE recent perusal of M. de Saint-Saëns's charming volume, "*Harmonie et Mélodie*," in which learning and lucidity are admirably combined, and of Miss Fay's vivacious chapters on "Music-study in Germany," to the English edition of which the most genial and learned of all our critics has affixed his *imprimatur*, has only served to confirm our regret that we should be still so dependent upon foreigners for musical literature, descriptive and critical. Our professed critics, with a few honorable exceptions, are wanting either in the general education, or the lightness of touch, which would enable them to discourse attractively upon their art. Let it be understood, however, that these remarks are in no wise intended to reflect upon the general condition of music in England at the present day. Our upper classes are still characterized by a desire to be musical, rather than by a love of music; but the course of the last fifteen years has witnessed a steady progress towards perfection of *ensemble*, as well as a sensible improvement in musical taste among the masses; while, during the same period, the achievements of our fellow-countrymen in composition have been such as any country, except Germany, might be proud of. This advance in the creative and reproductive branches of music only accentuates the dearth of literary talent amongst musicians. Critics, and especially authors of analytical programmes, with the best intentions, are

seldom able to temper technicalities to the comprehension of the intelligent amateur for whom such aids are primarily intended, and express themselves at times in such a medley of technical jargon and florid bombast, as to repel rather than assist the reader. We read of a *Leit-Motiv* being "infected by its jubilant surroundings;" of melodies which "must stand or fall by their own inherent merit, without any extraneous props;" voices "initiate a section which is premonitory to the introduction of a dramatic detail;" a climax is "tapered down,"—in a word, where the analyst is not dry or leathery, as Schumann would have said, he is often ridiculous. In what welcome contrast with the foregoing crudities is a passage like the following! The writer has been describing Beethoven's method of composition in connection with the third "Leonora" overture, and remarks: "In preserving the first draft of his composition, Beethoven has admitted us, as it were, into his very workroom. All who have eyes to see and ears to hear may behold him there engaged in the actual heat and labor of composition and revision; here pruning, and there compressing; rejecting old materials; snatching up new ones; erasing ineffective passages, extending and enforcing effective ones; laying in here a brilliant spot, and there a trenchant line; elaborating, altering, fusing in all the glowing fire of his genius, till the result was that wonderful work of art, of which the world may well be proud." We sincerely trust that official labors will not long delay the publication, in collected and enlarged form, of those admirable analyses of Beethoven's symphonies on which Sir George Grove is reported to be engaged. In these, as in all the analyses by his hand, fragments of biography are so happily interwoven with musical illustrations, and narrative alternates so pleasantly with commentary, that a reader wholly unversed in the subject can yet derive pleasure from the text, apart from its literary charm and fine enthusiasm. Indeed, in view of the light so often shed on obscure passages by a writer bearing such a name, we may be pardoned for pointing out what a brilliant exception he constitutes to the *lucus a non* principle. The appearance of an article on music in one of our leading reviews or magazines is of the rarest occurrence. It is some time since Mr. Dannreuther—whose name reminds us of the dependence already alluded to—has contributed a paper to *Macmillan*;

and the gossip papers on modern composers and singers in *Temple Bar* are hardly deserving of serious consideration. In France, on the other hand, musical literature is not confined to the columns of the strictly musical journals like the *Ménestrel*, but finds its way into the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the two December numbers of which, for example, each contain interesting papers, the first on Schumann, and the second on gipsy music.

We could well wish that amongst the band of our young and able composers, whose works are already beginning to command the respect and admiration of critical foreign audiences, the literary example of Schumann, Berlioz, and Saint-Saëns would meet with emulation. Dr. Stanford has given proofs that he can express himself in words as well as in notes, with the fluency inherent in his race; but his essays in this line have so long ceased, as to favor the supposition that he holds the literary to be incompatible with the creative side of music. A recent lecture delivered by Mr. Cowen at Manchester contained some excellent criticisms forcibly expressed; and Mr. Corder's articles in the *Musical Times* are marked by considerable literary capacity. The last-named writer also has a decided vein of humor, and is not afraid of being satirical or amusing on occasion. Mr. Mackenzie, whose varied experiences must have furnished him with ample opportunities for observation, has not found time, or felt the inclination to record them. Apart from these, there are hardly any native musicians of note who have addressed themselves to the task of raising the level of musical journalism. M. de Saint-Saëns, in the volume alluded to, inveighs against the mistaken views of his art which have been spread abroad by men of letters. But he has shown in his own person the most effective means of remedying this evil, by taking up the pen and combating on their own ground the ignorance and prejudice of his opponents, avowed or unavowed.

There is another department of musical literature which has long been the target of well-merited ridicule, and in which room for improvement has existed for centuries, and not in England alone. We allude to the *libretti* of operas, cantatas, etc., the habitual badness of which is so hackneyed a theme as to call for no remarks from us. There are many of our minor poets who, we believe, would gladly undertake such a task; and even if they

failed to reach a very exalted strain, would at least avoid the grotesque platitudes, false rhymes, and bad grammar so often observable in work of the kind. Why should not the festival committees specially commission their poets as well as their composers, instead of allowing the latter to fall victims to the first hack with whom they meet? Even failure will not teach musicians wisdom in the matter; with misplaced loyalty they continue to imperil the success of their works by the employment of these incompetent scribes. In many cases it is, no doubt, the publisher who is responsible for this blunder; and if the motive be one of economy, we believe it to be a mistaken one. Imagine what an advertisement Mr. Browning's name would be on the cover, say, of Dvořák's "Spectre's Bride," to say nothing of the delight afforded to singers and hearers by the substitution of a real poem for so many lengths of flat and exasperating doggerel. Why should not Messrs. Novello and Ewer, or some other leading firm, strike out for themselves a new sphere of enterprise, and insist upon the literary, as well as the musical excellence of their publications? Poets, as a rule, do not make large incomes out of their writings; and it is not to be supposed that their demands for such work would be very exorbitant. In any case, the employment of a cultivated writer whose name might be writ large on the cover, instead of only appearing in small characters on the title-page, would not involve a greater increase of expense than the increased circulation would compensate.

But the depths of musico literary incompetence are not fathomed until we come to the sphere of translations. There are few things so hard to do well as to translate, and there is no kind of literary work so execrably paid, and, as a natural consequence, so execrably executed. How difficult the task of translation is, can be appreciated by no one who has not attempted it; but the time and trouble which, on occasion, a practised hand will devote to a piece of work of this kind argues the inexpediency of entrusting it to illiterate hacks, often foreigners. There is a charming song of Rubinstein's, the English version of the words to which in our standard edition runs as follows:—

When, oh, when thy tiny feet I see,  
I can comprehend not, sweetest maiden,  
How so much beauty they can be bearing.  
When, oh, when thy little hand I see,  
I can comprehend not, sweetest maiden,  
How to give such wounds they can be sparing.

There, is more, but we too will "be sparing," and content ourselves with another specimen, taken this time from Pauer's otherwise excellent edition of Schubert's songs. If our readers will turn to p. 102, they will observe that a singer unskilled in the German tongue, and desirous of making acquaintance with that fine song entitled "Retrospect," will be obliged to start off with the words, "Through broken boots." Now, seeing that, as a race, we are not great linguists, and that ordinary singers, amateur or professional, will not sing in a foreign tongue if they can help it, it will be admitted that the need of translations is very real. In many cases there are admirable versions available; but the drudges employed are unhappily unaware of their existence, and instead of adapting these to the vocal requirements of the situation, or adopting them wholesale, they hammer out renderings of the sort quoted above. Take, for example, Berlioz's "Faust," the French words to which were written by Berlioz himself, whose acquaintance with Goethe was derived from the translations of Gérard de Nerval. According to our way of thinking, the proper course to have pursued in framing an English version would have been, wherever it was possible, to adopt or adapt the words of the numerous admirable existing translations from Anster to Webb. As a mere matter of curiosity, we have tried the experiment, and found that in some of the most characteristic numbers it will answer perfectly. As it stands, however, the singing version, trebly diluted from Goethe, is a melancholy monument of mistranslation, full of false accents and rhymes, yet, like other *libretti*, unobtrusively adopted by musicians and unassailed by musical critics, who seem either unwilling or unable to detect flaws in work of this description.

But the improvement in all the departments we have touched on—criticism, *libretti*, and translations—will have to grow out of the increased general cultivation of musicians. The English professional artist is, on his own showing, a person of somewhat limited intellectuality; and when several of them are gathered together, they display a one-sidedness and a disposition to talk "shop" which is, perhaps, unequalled by the members of any other profession, artistic or otherwise. Fortunately, at the present date our leading composers are men of some intellectual calibre, and they have it in their power, by their own work as well as by the choice of competent collaborateurs, to break

through the evil tradition which stamps the literary associations of so much English music.

From *The Times*, April 29.

#### TOBACCO-GROWING IN ENGLAND.

THOSE who think of taking advantage of the permission to grow tobacco, which is now obtainable from the inland revenue authorities, will find some useful if not very encouraging information in the article, which we publish to-day, on "Tobacco Culture in Holland and Belgium." In these countries the growth of tobacco is a well-established industry, and the conditions of success are as well understood as those which determine the productiveness of wheat or rye. No obstacles are put in the way by the excise, and, as most people know who have tried to smoke the weed as offered on the Continent, the popular standard of excellence is not unreasonably high. These are considerable advantages, and unless it can be shown that tobacco culture is really a profitable and growing business where they are enjoyed, we can hardly hope that English farmers, with everything to learn, with inevitable excise restrictions to hamper them, and with the English taste for the produce of Cuba, Virginia, and the Levant to contend against, will derive very much profit from the removal of the prohibition so long maintained. It will be seen from a tabular statement given by our well-informed correspondent that the acreage of tobacco in the Netherlands has been steadily falling for several decades. In the years 1851-60 tobacco covered seventeen hundred and sixty hectares, or forty-four hundred acres, while in 1883 only twelve hundred and forty-eight hectares, equal to three thousand one hundred and twenty acres, were devoted to this crop. Were tobacco growing as profitable as Lord Harris endeavored to show in the debate which he initiated nearly a month ago in the House of Lords, it can hardly be supposed that Dutch farmers would have abandoned it to this extent at a time when, in common with ourselves, they are suffering from foreign competition in its severest form as regards most of their staple crops. We might have expected a steady increase in the land devoted to tobacco, and in presence of a decided movement in the opposite direction, it is difficult to feel very sanguine about the praiseworthy attempt of the

Ensilage Society to find in tobacco a means of relieving the depression of English agriculture.

Tobacco is a very exacting, a very delicate, and in our climate a very speculative crop. It is true that at one time it was grown to a certain extent in each of the three kingdoms, but such success as the industry attained was due to the circumstance that it paid no duty, or, in other words, was heavily protected. The advocates of tobacco culture at the present day do not ask for any such advantage, but profess to believe that the home-grown plant can compete with the commoner kinds of foreign tobacco on equal terms. This contention, however, cannot be supported by reference to the past history of the industry in these islands. We have to remember at the same time that the public taste has probably become much more fastidious since the time when tobacco was grown in the Vale of York, and that the chances are much against the home-grown article attaining even the excellence of the commonest sorts now imported. Our correspondent notes as a significant circumstance that tobacco is not grown at all in those parts of Holland and Belgium which offer climatic conditions most nearly resembling those with which English farmers have to deal. The plant requires abundance of sun to develop its virtues, yet by a combination of sun and moisture it is very easily scorched. The spots which every one has remarked upon cigars are caused by sun-heat acting upon drops of dew. In our climate there is reason to fear that the whole leaf would too often undergo the blanching process. Then the plant is very sensitive to the action of wind, and in the Netherlands has to be protected by fences of French beans or similar quick-growing runners, which intersect the fields at short intervals. Tobacco requires a rich yet light and thoroughly drained soil; and while on all except the finest alluvial soils it needs quantities of manure, its quality is deteriorated unless that manure is chosen with great judgment. Sheep dung is used in the Netherlands at the rate of some ten tons to the acre. But that commodity is not known in the English market, and it may be questioned whether it is procurable in the required quantity except by resort to methods which would seriously interfere with the ordinary routine of English farming. Our correspondent tells us that ordinary farmyard manure is used to prepare the land in Belgium, but he adds what we might expect—that quan-

tity is aimed at rather than quality. The Cuban growers ruined their tobacco some years ago by resorts to violent stimulants, and Eastern connoisseurs instantly detect any application of the kind to the tobacco-grounds of the Levant. While tobacco is thus very exacting in matters of soil, climate, and culture, it demands the expenditure of an immense amount of skilled labor. In this country it would have to be sown under glass upon gentle hotbeds. The young plants would have to be transferred to the open ground with as much care as a gardener bestows upon his bedding geraniums, and they would require much more skilled handling to ensure their success. During the summer months they must be carefully kept free of weeds, and every flower bud must be pinched off as soon as it appears. In very dry weather the plants require to be watered, and in very wet weather they have not much chance unless a glass roof can be put over them. It would take a generation to train English laborers to the habits of careful and exact culture required to cope with all these demands.

When the tobacco is grown the battle is one-half won. It has to be cured before it is good for anything, and the curing is a process as delicate as the production of a high-class wine. A mistake will ruin the finest tobacco ever grown. No doubt a comparatively rough drying process would be good enough for the best leaves likely to be produced in this country; still, even for very ordinary tobacco a certain degree of care and skill is quite indispensable. When to all this we add the outlay required for frames, hotbeds, curing barns, and so forth, and take into account the freaks of our extraordinary climate, it will be seen that a farmer could hardly enter upon a more hazardous speculation than the attempt to retrieve his fortunes by tobacco-growing. When the country is covered with happy possessors of three acres and a cow it is possible that they may find it convenient to grow a few tobacco plants in the most sheltered corner of their domains and trust to the care and industry of their wives to nurse the delicate things through their precarious existence. Each proprietor may in this way grow enough to keep his own pipe alight through the winter, and as he will probably know as little of fine foreign brands as of foreign drinks, he may find in his home-grown tobacco as much satisfaction as in his home-brewed beer. Some future chancellor of the exchequer may magnanimously remit the duty on cottage

tobacco, and so win a niche in the temple of fame beside Sir William Harcourt. In that way tobacco growing may become a considerable industry in England, but under present conditions we cannot share the sanguine views of Lord Harris and others, who see in it a resource for the British farmer. Tobacco, however, offers a fair field for enterprising individuals willing to go about the business in the right way. There must be other spots upon the earth's surface presenting the combination of advantages to which Havana owes its revenue and its renown. The discoverer of such a spot who can bring to bear the necessary knowledge and brains ought to make a fortune, since the demand for first-class tobacco far outruns the supply. But, whatever may be done by going where tobacco grows, we fear there is very little money to be made, though it is easy to lose a great deal, by attempting tobacco culture against every possible disadvantage, with the certainty that when the best has been done the produce will be of the very commonest kind.

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From St. James's Gazette.

#### THE LIMITS OF ENTERPRISE.

THE opening of the Mont Cenis tunnel gave rise to the idea that mountains formed no impassable barriers for the steam horse. Did a mountain line intervene to stop a desired junction, what so easy as a tunnel? But here comes forward Dr. Stapff, who carries further the researches as to subterranean temperatures which he introduced to the readers of the *Revue Universelle des Mines* in 1880. The heat of the earth, Dr. Stapff asserts, places a sharp limit on the portion of it accessible to the miner. That, of course, as a matter of theory, is old. But it was sufficiently unknown to or neglected by "the commissioners appointed in 1871 to inquire into the several matters relating to coal in the United Kingdom," to lead them to calculate upon the accessibility of coal to the depth of four thousand feet. At a depth of 2,690 feet, according to observations made in the deepest colliery in England, the temperature reaches that of the blood, or 98° Fahrenheit. Now, during the execution of the St. Gothard Tunnel, the mean heat extending over five kilometres in length of the works was 87.8° Fahrenheit; the maximum of 93° being attained on several



occasions. The limits of human endurance were here touched. As many as sixty per cent. of the staff were on the sick list. The horses died at the rate of ten per month, from a new form of lung disease. Wages had to be raised, and working hours reduced to five per day. Comparing an adequate number of observations of depths and degrees of heat, Dr. Stapff comes to the conclusion that, though it might be possible under certain conditions to execute the proposed tunnel through the Simplon, the possibility of carrying one under Mont Blanc is open to the gravest doubt.

As a contrast to this well-considered appreciation of the limits imposed by nature on the efforts of man, may be noticed one of those ingenious applications of known chemical action which are so truly American. It became important, in the introduction of a drainage system into Boston (Mass.) to test from hour to hour the effect of the pumping upon the level of the underground water. Pipes were sunk for this purpose; but the question was, How to measure the level of the water in the pipe at any required moment? The plan adopted was this. A plummet was attached to a metallic measuring-tape, and a needle was fixed to the plummet so that its eye should be at the exact limit of the graduation of the tape. Into the eye was forced a minute bit of metallic potassium—known by the name of the *lapis infernalis*. It is the property of this metal to ignite on contact with water. When ignition occurred, as the plummet was lowered down the pipe, the flash and the sound gave the exact moment for reading on the tape the depth of the water-line.

Another simple and suggestive mode of measurement is due to a French engineer. It is to measure the oscillation of chimneys in a high wind by observing the shadow cast by the sun on the ground. Recently, at Marseilles, during a high wind, a chimney 115 feet high and four feet in diameter at the top was observed, by this method, to oscillate at the top as much as ten inches on either side of the vertical. The irregularity of the shock caused by the wind saved the chimney; for if the impulses of the blast had coincided with the vibrations of the chimney its overthrow would have been certain. It is known that the force of the wind increases in a high ratio with the height from the ground. And so the Marseilles observation has some importance for the

Mechernich Lead-Mining Company, who have just built a chimney seven feet higher than Tennant's chimney at Glasgow, hitherto the highest in the world. The German shaft, rising from a cubical base and octagonal plinth, and tapering from a diameter of 24.6 feet to one of 11.5 feet at top, soars to a height of 441.6 feet. It will be interesting to measure the movement of its shadow in the next high wind.

Another interesting example of the bounds placed by nature on human effort is found in the failure of long-continued experiments of the Dutch in removing or destroying the barriers which ice opposes to navigation. In 1845 gunpowder petards were employed for this purpose, but without good results. In 1861 costly but inefficient trials were made with steamers. In 1871 the two methods were combined; petards being used to break the ice fields in the Merwede, and steamers to finish the work. Both trials failed. In the winter of 1876 tugs, assisted by torpedoes, were used, and two ironclad rams were employed. They proved useless for the work. In the winter of 1881 litho-fracteur was applied, but was not so effectual as charges of ten kilogrammes of gunpowder. The conclusion arrived at is, that the most powerful means that can be employed to break up ice fields and packs in large rivers are of no avail unless they are favored by a continued thaw, and that even then they do not very much hasten the natural course of events.

On the other hand, the removal of shoals and bars, not only when consisting of heavy sharp sand, but even when formed of sand and gravel with a nucleus of solid cemented gravel, has been so successfully accomplished on the Columbia River, Oregon, as to open a new field in river and harbor improvements. The plan is to anchor on the spot a steamer, furnished with a stern propeller, either screw or paddle, and to set the engines to work. The Wallawalla screw propeller, 2,124 tons register, was thus applied to cut a passage through Walker's Island bar. She opened a channel to the depth of seven feet below the propeller, washing out ten thousand cubic yards of gravel in eight working days. Those of our readers who desire to see what was further done should turn to the last volume—the eighty-third—of the "Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers," which devotes a special department of its contents to abstracts of papers in foreign scientific transactions and periodicals.